THE SCOTT LIBRARY.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_KV-168-222

SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS, TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, APPENDIX, AND NOTES, BY MAJOR-GENERAL MAXWELL.

London: Walter Scott, Ltd.,
24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

" Non è dal numero delle pagine che si apprezza
il valor letterario. "

INTRODUCTION.

WRITTEN by Schiller in the years 1800-1801, when he was forty-one years old, and in the plenitude and maturity of his powers, although under the stress of severe illness, the *Maid of Orleans* has always ranked as one of the finest creations of his genius. It was peculiarly successful on the stage; and always enjoyed a prodigious popularity with the play-going community in his native country. His *Don Carlos*, published in 1786, and his *Wallenstein*, produced in 1799, with all their great beauties, are yet so different from this composition in their conception and treatment, that comparison between those works and the *Maid of Orleans* is unprofitable, if not practically impossible.

His *Mary Stuart*, which immediately preceded the *Maid*, was, from sundry inherent defects, comparatively a failure; but, as Lord Lytton wrote, "from this single fall Schiller's genius recovered itself"—in the *Maid of Orleans*—"with the bound of a Titan." Carlyle pronounced Joan to be "the most noble being in tragedy." He characterised the *Maid of Orleans* as "one of the very finest of modern

dramas;" and declared his opinion that "the heart must be cold, and the imagination dull, which the *Jungfrau von Orleans* will not move." Finally, Goethe, writing to the author, with possibly a little pardonable effusiveness, affirmed that it was "so splendid, so excellent, and so beautiful," that he knew nothing to compare with it.

On turning to the drama it will be perceived that Schiller has in several essential particulars departed from the lines of historic fact as traced in the Appendix to this volume. He has presented to the world a far too favourable picture of the weak and frivolous, if not positively base and pusillanimous, Charles the Seventh. He represents that prince as a chivalrous and noble character, and places in his mouth sentiments of a generous and lofty tone. Then again he portrays Joan as a fierce combatant, delighting in personal conflict and sanguinary scenes of battle; whereas history records that, though insensible to fear, and at all times urgent for the vigorous prosecution of the war, she was yet by disposition gentle; shrank from scenes of blood; and lamented the horrors and sufferings inseparable from war. He likewise represents her as having gained a victory over the English and Burgundians prior to her earliest interview with Charles; and he makes that victory the cause and occasion of her first introduction to him. But this point is perhaps not so material as some of his other divergences from history.

Schiller, like Shakespeare, considerably antedates the conversion of Burgundy to the cause of France. He

represents Joan as cherishing, albeit to her own shame and horror, a secret passion for the English Lionel; and as being conscience-stricken, and for a time morally paralysed by a crushing sense of guilt on that account. In his treatment of the drama she is publicly denounced by her father as a sorceress in league with hell—a feature wholly unwarranted by history; and indeed violently opposed thereto, since it is recorded that her father actually died of grief on account of her hapless fate. Schiller then represents her as being proscribed and banished from the French camp and court. In solitude and concealment she gradually regains her moral and mental balance. She is surprised by Queen Isabeau in the forest of Ardennes; is captured, and delivered to the English power; and finally, escaping, almost miraculously, from her captivity, she rejoins the French at a critical moment of battle; rescues the king; retrieves the fortunes of the day; is mortally wounded; and dies surrounded by her friends.

Some critics have blamed Schiller for taking these seemingly needless liberties with historic fact. But he was not writing history, but drama. He was not even writing a historical tragedy; but, as he expressly calls it, "a romantic tragedy." He himself has recorded that he recoiled from a strict adherence to the historical facts of the case, because of the harrowing, if not actually horrible, nature of some of these facts. By the method which he adopted he freed himself and saved his readers, as Carlyle well said, "from much of the homeliness and rude horror which defaced and encumbered the reality;" and it is unquestionable that an

unsophisticated reproduction of the base betrayal and cruel execution of Joan would have been at once most difficult in dramatic treatment, and most unpalatable to the reader or the spectator.

Other critics have taken exception to the introduction of supernatural machinery in the apparition of the Black Knight, in Act III., Sc. ix. But surely in a drama whose heroine is represented as mainly actuated by supernatural appearances and voices, it is hypercritical to object to this. In point of fact, the apparition of the Black Knight should be regarded as but one hallucination more added to the many which had previously affected the heroine—a hallucination engendered in an over-wrought and heated brain, by a sense of supposed guilt—and as a convenient machinery for the announcement of approaching calamity, artistically woven into the dramatic action by the undoubted licence of the poet.

As regards the translation of this drama, which is now submitted to the public, whatever its defects may be, it is believed that readers of German will recognise in it one merit, not easily combined with even the homeliest metrical rendering—namely, strict accuracy, together with a loyal, though not servile, fidelity to the original text; and it is hoped that the translator will at least escape the reproach of *Traduttore, Traditore.*

The original drama contains, especially in the Prologue and first two Acts, several distinct traces of Homeric modes of thought; and if Homeric, then, by consequence, in some instances, Virgilian also. Where such analogies occur, the

parallel passages in Homer and Virgil have been presented, together with other matter, in notes at the end of the volume. Some of these passages—not all of them—are, in the opinion of the translator, so strikingly similar to the German text as to suggest the probability that Schiller—who is known to have been saturating his mind with the two Homeric epics at the time when he was composing this drama—had the classic analogues in his mind when he penned the passages in question.

As to the pronunciation of the word "Joan," a remark appears desirable. It would seem that some persons—especially in North Britain—regard and pronounce it as a dissyllable. It is believed, however, that the majority of English people treat the word as a monosyllable; and it is so treated by Shakespeare. In this translation, therefore, it is to be regarded throughout as a word of one syllable only.

P. M.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHARLES VII., *King of France.*
QUEEN ISABEAU, *his Mother.*
AGNES SOREL, *his Mistress.*
PHILIP THE GOOD, *Duke of Burgundy.*
COUNT DUNOIS, *Bastard of Orleans.*
LA HIRE, DU CHATEL, } *Officers of the King.*
Archbishop of Rheims.
CHATILLON, *a Knight of Burgundy.*
RAOUL, *a Knight of Lorraine.*
TALBOT, *Commander of the English Forces.*
LIONEL, FASTOLF, } *English Leaders.*
MONTGOMERY, *a Welshman.*
Councillors of Orleans.
An English Herald.
THIBAUT D'ARC, *a wealthy Yeoman.*
MARGOT, LOUISON, JOAN, } *his Daughters.*
ETIENNE, CLAUDE MARIE, RAIMOND, } *Suitors of the preceding.*
BERTRAND, *another Yeoman.*
Apparition of a Black Knight.
Charcoal-Burner and his Wife.

Soldiers, Populace, Royal Attendants, Bishops, Monks, Marshals, Magistrates, Courtiers, and other persons in the Coronation train.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE I.—*A rural neighbourhood. In the right front a chapel containing an image of the Virgin. On the left a lofty oak.*

THIBAUT D'ARC, *his three daughters*, ETIENNE, CLAUDE MARIE, RAIMOND.

THIBAUT.

Ay, neighbours dear, this day we are as yet
Frenchmen, free burgesses, and masters still
Of the old acres which our fathers ploughed.
Who knows who next day over us may rule?
For at all points the invading Englishman
Flaunts his triumphant banner, and his steeds
Bruise with their hoofs the blooming fields of France.
Paris herself the victor hath embraced,
And with the ancient crown of Dagobert
Now decks the offshoot of a foreign stem.
The scion of our kings must wander forth
A landless fugitive within his realm;
While 'gainst him battles in his foemen's host
His own first cousin and his premier peer;
Ay, and his harpy mother leads it on!
Around blaze hamlets, towns, and nearer still
Rolls the swart smoke of devastation

To these dear dales which now so peaceful lie.
Therefore, good neighbours, am I now resolved,
With Heaven's help, while yet 'tis in my power,
To insure my daughters' weal, for women folk
In war's alarms require a guardian hand,
And true love lightens every earthly load.
(*To the first shepherd.*)
Come, Etienne, thou seek'st my Margot's hand,
Thine acres march right neighbourly with mine,
Your hearts e'en now are one—fair warranty
Of happy wedlock.
(*To the second shepherd.*)
Claude, thou standest mute,
And my Louison wears a downcast look.
What, shall I sunder two responsive hearts
Because thou hast no pelf to offer me?
Who now has goods, when house and barn each day
May fall a prey to foeman or to flame?
A brave man's trusty breast alone can yield
A storm-proof shelter in such times as these.

LOUISON.

My father!

CLAUDE MARIE.

My Louison!

LOUISON (*embracing* JOAN).

Sister dear!

THIBAUT.

Thirty broad acres I bestow on each,
With grange and stalls and steers; the bounteous God
Hath blessed my store, and be his blessing yours.

MARGOT (*embracing* JOAN).

Gladden our father, do as we have done,
And let three happy unions close this day.

THIBAUT.

Go now—prepare—to-morrow ye shall wed;
Let all the hamlet join the festival.

(*The two affianced pairs withdraw with arms entwined.*)

SCENE II.—THIBAUT, RAIMOND, JOAN.

THIBAUT.

Thy sisters, Joan, have chosen wedlock's state;
I see them happy, and they cheer mine age;
But thou, my youngest, bringst me grief and pain.

RAIMOND.

What ails you, sir, why rail you on the maid?

THIBAUT.

Ay, mark this honest swain, whom ne'er a man
In all the village peers—the goodly youth—
On you he hath bestowed his preference,
And woos you now three harvests past and gone
With silent longing but with heartfelt love;
Yet cold and coy you spurn his simple suit;
Nor e'er another of the herdsmen round
Can win from you a kindly smile of grace.
I see you flourish in your pride of youth;
Your spring-time blooms, the time of joyous hope;
Unfolded is the flower of your form;

Yet still in vain I look to see the flower
Of tender love burst from its folded bud
And joyously mature to golden fruit.
Oh, this can ne'er content me, for it shows
Some woful wandering from nature's course.
That heart displeaseth me which, hard and cold,
Is shut to love in feeling's fittest years.

RAIMOND.

Let be, sir; chide her not, good Father Arc,
The love of my incomparable Joan,
Like Heaven's most delicate and costly fruits,
Ripens in silence and with gradual growth,
As yet she loves to wander on the hills,
And shrinks to quit the free and open heath
To linger mid the sordid homes of men,
Where narrow cares reside; full many a time,
Upgazing from the vale with silent awe,
I recognise her on some giddy height,
Standing erect amid the bleating herd,
With noble port, her earnest pensive glance
Down turned upon the dwindling fields of earth.
Then looms she something supernatural,
And oft methinks she's linked with other scenes.

THIBAUT.

'Tis even this which doth afflict my soul;
She shuns her sisters' gladsome company,
And seeks the lonely hills, abandoning
Her nightly couch e'er chanticleer doth crow,
And in the witching hour when mortals all
Gladly abide by mortal fellowship,
She steals forth like the solitary bird

Into the weird and ghostly realm of night;
Hies to the haunted crossway, and there holds
Dark commune with the eerie mountain wind.
Why seeks she ever that especial spot,
And thither, ever thither, drives her flock?
I see her meditating hour by hour
Crouched yonder underneath the Druid's tree,
Which every happy creature gladly shuns;
For 'tis not wholesome there; some evil sprite
Hath its accustomed seat beneath that tree,
E'en from the hoary eld of heathen times;
The oldest dwellers of the village tell
Ghastly traditions of that cursed tree;
Strange voices of a weird unearthly tone
Are ofttimes heard from out its dusky boughs;
And I myself, when once at twilight's hour
Mine errand led me past the mystic spot,
Did see a ghostly female seated there,
Which reached from out its muffled drapery
Slowly and silently a withered hand,
As if it beckoned to me, but I sped
Swift on, and did commend my soul to God.

RAIMOND (*pointing to the image of the Virgin in the chapel*).

The sacred emblem's blissful neighbourhood
Which sheds the peace of Heaven around the scene,
This draws your daughter here, not Satan's works.

THIBAUT.

Ah no, too surely have I gleaned her plight,
From apparitions strange and boding dreams;
Three times her semblance hath appeared to me
Seated in Rheims upon the royal throne,

A blazing diadem of seven stars
Upon her brow, the sceptre in her hand,
Whereon three snow-white lilies sprouted forth;
While I her father and her sisters twain,
And all the princes, counts, and archbishops,
Ay, e'en the King himself, before her bowed.
How come such dazzling visions to my hut?
Oh, this portends some dire calamity.
The warning dream in symbol but unfolds
The vain and idle tendings of her heart.
She blushes for her lowly state; since God
With peerless charms her person hath endowed,
And graced her mind with rare and wondrous gifts
O'er all the shepherd maidens of the dale,
She nurses sinful pride within her breast;
And pride it was which made the angels fall;
Through pride the Prince of Hell ensnares mankind.

RAIMOND.

Nay, who more lowly, who more pure in heart
Than your devoted Joan; 'tis ever she
Cheerfully waits upon your elder girls;
She is the rarest gifted of the three,
And yet you see her like some menial maid
The rudest tasks submissively perform;
And wondrously beneath her skilful hand
Your harvests and your herds alike do thrive;
O'er all she does, o'er all she tends, is shed
Incomprehensible and wondrous weal.

THIBAUT.

Incomprehensible indeed! I feel
A nameless horror at her weird success.
No more of it, no more; I would be mute;

Shall I myself denounce my progeny?
I can do nought but warn and pray for her;
Yet warn I will—Shun, daughter, shun this tree;
Go not alone; grub no unholy roots
At the dread hour of night; no potions brew;
Draw no more mystic circles on the sand.
'Tis easy to unbar the realm of fiends;
They lurk beneath an all too flimsy screen,
And quick of ear too promptly upward swarm.
Go not alone, for in the wilderness
Satan accosted even Heaven's Lord.

SCENE III.—BERTRAND *approaches, bearing in his hand a helmet.*

THIBAUT, RAIMOND, JOAN.

RAIMOND.

Hush, here comes Bertrand, wending from the town;
See what he bears?

BERTRAND.

Ye gape on me surprised,
Marvelling at the rare accoutrement
Within my hand.

THIBAUT.

Ay truly, Bertrand, say,
How came you by that helm, why bring you here
Such evil token in our peaceful vale?

(JOAN, *who has hitherto stood apart and seemingly indifferent, becomes attentive, and draws nearer.*)

BERTRAND.

I scarce myself can tell howe'er I chanced
To light upon it; I had gone to buy
Some iron household stuff at Vaucouleurs;
A mighty concourse filled the market-place,
For runaways had even then arrived
From Orleans, evil newsmen of the war;
And all the town tumultuously surged;
So as I clave my way amid the throng,
Comes me a sturdy brown Bohemian dame,
Bearing this helmet, looks on me intent,
Cries 'Comrade, sure ye lack a morion,
I wot ye seek one; even purchase this;
I'll sell it to ye for a bagatelle.'
'Hie to the pikemen with it,' I reply;
'I'm but a rustic, and require no helm.'
But she desisted not, protesting still
No man could tell the day nor yet the hour
When he might need a casque; an iron cowl
Was worth more now than e'er a house of stone.
And so she pestered me from street to street,
Pressing on me the helm I wanted not.
Yet as I looked on it, it gleamed full fair,
And seemed right worthy of a knightly brow;
And whilst I musing poised it on my palm,
Bethinking what it haply might portend;
Behold the dame had vanished, suddenly
Wafted away amid the seething throng;
And thus the casque remained within my hand.

JOAN (*eagerly grasping at it*).

Give me the helm!

BERTRAND.

What wouldst thou with such gear?
This is no furniture for maiden's brow.

JOAN (*snatching it from him*).

The casque is mine! for me it was ordained.

THIBAUT.

What means the girl?

RAIMOND.

E'en let her have her will;
The warlike gear right well befits her brow;
For sure her breast enfolds a manly heart.
Bethink ye how she overcame the wolf,
The savage spoiler of our helpless herds,
The dread of all the shepherds far and near;
How she alone, the lion-hearted maid,
Strove with the brute, and snatched the lamb from it,
E'en as he griped it in his gory jaw.
Whatever knightly head the casque might crown,
It could none worthier grace.

THIBAUT.

Tush!—Bertrand, say
What new reverse hath fallen in the war;
What news from Orleans brought the runaways?

BERTRAND.

God help our King and pity this poor land;
We have been vanquished in two stricken fields;
The foe stands in the heart of France, and lost
Is each fair province even to the Loire;
And now he gathers all his power in one,
The better to beleaguer Orleans.

THIBAUT.

God in his mercy shield our lord the King!

BERTRAND.

A vast artillery has been amassed;
And as the sombre squadrons of the bees
Swarm round the hive in summer's glowing days,
Or clouds of locusts from the darkened sky
Descending, mile on mile the hapless fields
O'erspread in dense innumerable throng;
So spreads a very thunder-cloud of war,
Of motley races formed, o'er Orleans;
And the mixed Babel of their varied tongues
Confounds the camp with vague discordant din.
For mighty Burgundy with all his powers
From all his many lands hath swelled the host;
The warriors of Liège and Luxemburg,
Of Hainault and Namur and glad Brabant;
The sprightly men of Ghent in silk and pile,
And Zealand's sons from their fair sea-girt homes,
And Holland's herdsmen, Utrecht's men-at-arms,
Yea, e'en extreme Westfriesland's hardy swains,
Who face the frozen pole—all these obey
The muster-call of haughty Burgundy,
Determined on the doom of Orleans.

THIBAUT.

Oh, the unholy and unnatural strife
Which turns the arms of France against herself!

BERTRAND.

There too the mother Queen is to be seen,
Proud Isabel, the fierce Bavarian shrew,
Prancing in steel throughout the foeman's ranks,

With words of venom urging all the host
To raging enmity against her son,
Whom once she fondled on a mother's breast!

THIBAUT.

A curse upon her, and one day may God
Confound her like proud Jezebel of old.

BERTRAND.

Dread Salisbury, the shatterer of towns,
Leads the investment and directs the siege.
With him are Lionel, the lion's twin,
And Talbot, who with fell destroying sword
Mows down our people in the battle swath.
With unrelenting fury have they sworn
To give our maidens over unto shame,
And ruthlessly to slay each man-at-arms.
Four lofty towers already have they reared
To dominate the town; where Salisbury
With murderous glance surveys the piteous scene,
And counts the hurrying wanderers in the streets.
Thousands of ponderous cannon-balls are hurled
On the doomed city; all the churches lie
In ruins, and the royal tower itself
Of Notre Dame hath bowed its stately crest;
Infernal mines are dug around the walls;
So sits the town upon a dormant hell,
In fearful expectation hour by hour
That it shall blaze 'mid crashing thunder's peal.

(JOAN *hears with rapt attention, and sets the helmet on her brow.*)

THIBAUT.

Where then, oh where, were all our valiant knights,
Saintrailles, La Hire, and France's tower of strength,
The heroic Bastard, that the hated foe
Thus powerful and resistless forward pushed;
Where is the King himself; or passively
Views he his kingdom's straits, his cities' fall?

BERTRAND.

In Chinon holds the King his dwindling state;
He lacks recruits, and cannot keep the field.
What boots the leader's fire, the hero's arm,
If pallid terror paralyse the host?
A panic fear, as if from Heaven sent,
Hath seized upon the bravest in our ranks.
In vain resounds the Princes' battle-cry;
As sheep in terror stricken masses cower
At the dread howling of the hungry wolf,
E'en so, forgetful of their ancient fame,
The Franks now hug the shelter of their walls;
A single knight alone, as I have heard,
With feeble following maintains the field,
And spurs with sixteen squadrons to the King.

JOAN (*suddenly*).

How call you this brave knight?

BERTRAND.

'Tis Baudricour;
But hardly shall he 'scape the foe's research,
Who dogs his heels with two complete commands.

JOAN.

Where halts he now? Say, an ye know the spot.

BERTRAND.

His tiny power is barely one day's march
From Vaucouleurs.

THIBAUT (*to* JOAN).

What would you, girl, ye pry
Too much in matters which befit you not.

BERTRAND.

And since the foe's so pushing, and no aid
Can from the King be hoped, at Vaucouleurs
They now have formed unanimous resolve
To yield them to the Duke of Burgundy.
So shall we shun a foreign yoke, and cling
To the old kingly stock—nay, who can tell,
We yet may light beneath our ancient crown,
Should France and Burgundy be friends again.

JOAN (*vehemently*).

Talk not of treaties or surrender base.
The saviour nears and girds her for the fray.
The foeman's fortunes shall at Orleans sink;
He's ripe and ready for the reaper's hand;
And with her sickle comes the chosen maid
To mow the stately harvest of his pride;
Down from the heavens she'll drag his swelling fame,
Now lifted to the level of the stars.
Despair not, yield not, for ere yet the rye
Grow golden, ere the disc of this young moon
Wax round, no English steed shall slake its thirst
From out the sparkling current of the Loire.

BERTRAND.

Ah, miracles no more are wrought on earth!

JOAN.

Nay, wonders still are wrought—a milk-white dove
With eagle's fire shall fly and strike the hawks
Which rend the vitals of our fatherland.
The maid shall beat down haughty Burgundy,
Arch-traitor to the realm; and Talbot too,
The hundred-handed Heaven-scaling lord;
And Salisbury, profaner of our shrines,
With all these bold presumptuous islanders,
She'll chase before her like a herd of lambs.
The Lord, the God of battles, is her guide;
His feeblest creature is His chosen tool;
And through a tender maid the Omnipotent
Will deign to glorify His awful name.

THIBAUT.

What raving rapture hath possessed the wench?

RAIMOND.

The casque it is which wakes her warlike mood,
Look on her, see the lightnings of her eye,
Her cheek is radiant with a heavenly fire!

JOAN.

What—shall this kingdom fall, this land of fame,
The fairest which the eternal sun beholds
In all his round, the paradise of lands,
Which God loves like the apple of His eye—
Must it endure a shameful foreign yoke?
Here tottered first the heathen's power, here first
The Cross, salvation's signal, was upreared;
Here rests the dust of sainted Ludovic;
From hence Jerusalem itself was won!

BERTRAND (*amazed*).

Hark to her words! Oh, whence hath she derived
The lofty revelation? Father Arc,
God hath bestowed on thee a wondrous child.

JOAN.

Shall we no longer serve our lineal kings,
Shall native lords no longer sway this realm?
Our King, who never dies, shall he be swept
From off creation; he who speeds the plough,
Protects our pastures, and promotes our tilth;
Who bids the bondsman shake his fetters off,
And thriving cities plants around his throne;
Who shields the feeble and o'erawes the vile;
Who knows no envy, for he hath no peer,
A man as we; a pitying angel too
Upon the jarring earth. Our monarch's throne,
With all its royal splendour e'er hath been
The refuge of the desolate; there might
And mercy meet; there do the guilty quake,
While all the just with confidence approach,
And jest e'en with the lions round the throne.
But alien despot, from a foreign strand,
The ashes of whose fathers do not rest
Beneath this soil—how can he love the land?
He who ne'er grew to manhood with our youth,
Whose heartstrings do not vibrate to our speech,
Can such be King and father of our folk?

THIBAUT.

May God defend our kingdom and our King.
We are but peaceful peasants, ignorant
To wield the sword or curb the warlike steed.

Let us with patient loyalty await
Whatever ruler victory may send.
War's issue is the judgment of the Lord.
He is our King who wins the holy oil,
And sets the crown upon his brow at Rheims.
Hie to your tasks, let each alone bethink
His nearest duty; even let the great
Cast lots among them for the stake of earth.
Calmly can we the hurly-burly view;
Firm planted is the ancestral soil we till;
The flames of war may burn our hamlets down,
The war-steed's hoofs may trample down our corn;
But coming springs shall green our fields again,
And soon our simple homes shall rise amain.

(*All withdraw except* JOAN.)

SCENE IV.

JOAN (*alone*).

Farewell, ye mountains and ye much-loved glens,
Familiar peaceful dales, now fare ye well;
For Joan shall now no more upon you roam;
Joanna bids ye all a last farewell.
Ye meads which once I watered, and ye trees
My hand did plant, bloom on in gladsome green.
Farewell, ye grottoes and ye fountains cool;
Thou Echo, kindly prattler of the dale,
Which oft hast answer sent unto my lay,
Joanna now must part from ye for aye.

Ye scenes of all my early tranquil joys,
I leave ye now for evermore behind—
Disperse ye, simple lambs, upon the heath,
No loving shepherdess attends ye now;
For a far other flock I now must tend,
On the red field of devastating war.
For I am summoned by the Spirit's voice,
Not earthly pride, or vain ambition's choice.
He who to Moses erst on Horeb's heights
Flaming descended in the fiery bush,
And bade him stand before great Pharaoh's face;
Who once did summon Jesse's godly son,
The shepherd boy, to be his champion;
Who aye hath gracious been to shepherd folk,
He spake to me from out this branching tree,
'Go forth, and on the earth my witness be.
'In rugged brass shalt thou thy limbs enfold,
In dreadful steel array thy tender form.
Never may love of man thy heart inflame
With godless fires of earthly carnal joy;
Never shall bridal wreath thy locks adorn;
No winsome babe shall hang upon thy breast;
But I shall make thee in famed fields of war
Of mortal women most renowned by far.
'For when in fight the bravest shall despair,
When France's final hour shall seem to near,
Then shalt thou wave my oriflamme on high;
And as the reaper swiftly mows the corn,
Thy hand shall lay the haughty victor low,
Thine arm roll back his fortune's fickle wheel,
To Gallia's hero-sons deliverance bring;
And then in rescued Rheims thou'lt crown thy
King.'

And God vouchsafes to me a token sure,
He sends this helm to me—it comes from Him,
With godlike power its iron fills my frame,
I blaze with ardour of the Cherubim.
'Tis this will launch me in the heady fight,
And urge me onward with the tempest's might.
The war-cry's mighty echo fills the air;
The charger prances, and the trumpets blare.

(*She retires.*)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Camp and Court of King Charles at Chinon.*

DUNOIS AND DU CHATEL.

DUNOIS.

No—I'll no longer bear it—I renounce
This faineant Prince who, heedless of his fame,
Deserts himself. My heart within me bleeds,
And scalding teardrops could I shed to see
How foreign bandits carve our royal France,
And piece it with their swords. Our goodly towns,
Which have grown grey beneath the monarchy,
Surrender to the foe their rusty keys;
While here we waste in indolent repose
The precious hours which yet might right our cause.
Hearing the doom which hangs o'er Orleans,
I hither sped from distant Normandy,
Thinking to find the King in warlike guise
Heading his men at arms; and lo! he's found
Circled by jugglers and by troubadours,
Resolving dainty riddles, and intent
On sprightly feasts for his adored Sorel,
As if profoundest peace lay o'er the realm!
The Constable is gone, unable more

To stomach the misrule; I too must part,
And leave him to his fate.

DU CHATEL.

Here comes the King.

SCENE II.—CHARLES, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL.

CHARLES.

And so the Constable resigns his sword,
And casts my service off. So be 't 'fore God;
He hath but rid us of a crusty soul
Intolerably bent on mastership.

DUNOIS.

A single sword's worth much at such a pinch,
Methinks I'd not so lightly let him go.

CHARLES.

That speech was fathered by thy love of strife;
Whilst he was here thou never wast his friend.

DUNOIS.

In sooth he was a dull, proud, prosing fool
Who ne'er could finish—but he's done it now—
Ay, well he knew the time was ripe to quit
The cause where honour could no more be won.

CHARLES.

It seems you're in your pleasant mood to-day;
I'll not disturb you in it.—Du Chatel,

Envoys are come from the old King René,
Approved and far-famed laureates of song;
See that they be right royally regaled,
And hang on each a chain of massy gold.
(*To* DUNOIS.)
Why that grimace?

DUNOIS.

I but admired your skill
To conjure golden chains from empty air.

DU CHATEL.

Ah, Sire, your treasury is swept of gold.

CHARLES.

Then furnish more on't—never be it said
That gentle bards did leave my court ungraced;
They seem to make my barren sceptre bud,
Weaving perennial wreaths of living green
Round my unprofitable, joyless crown.
Lordlike, they fitly rank with earthly lords;
Building them thrones of lightsome fantasy,
Their airy realm knows no material bounds.
For this the minstrel shall with princes sit,
Since bards and kings on manhood's summits dwell.

DU CHATEL.

My royal master, I have spared thine ear
So long as counsel or resource remained,
But now necessity unties my tongue.
Thou hast no more to lavish—nay, thou hast
No sources to defray the morrow's charge.
The golden tide is sunken in thy chest,

'Tis dead low water in thy treasury.
The soldiery have not received their dues,
And mutter of desertion.—Scarce I know
How now thy royal household to provide,
Not as a prince's, but with barest needs.

CHARLES.

Then pledge the dues and customs of my realm,
And let the Lombards lend you of their gold.

DU CHATEL.

Sire, all the fees and incomes of thy crown
Are pledged already for three years to come.

DUNOIS.

Ay, and ere that both pledge and crown shall go.

CHARLES.

We still have many a province rich and fair.

DUNOIS.

So long as God permits, and Talbot's sword.
When Orleans falls you then may shepherd turn,
And with your dear King René pasture sheep.

CHARLES.

You ever whet your wit on that poor King,
And yet this landless prince this very day
Hath graced me with a kingly compliment.

DUNOIS.

God grant he gift you not his Naples crown;
'Tis said that precious bauble is for sale
E'en since the day he took to playing swain.

CHARLES.

That's but a jest, a merry farce, a treat
Which he permits unto his cheery soul,
To found an innocent and stainless world
In the rude fact of this barbaric time.
But sure it is a great and kingly thought
To bring again the goodly times of yore,
When gentle chivalry and lofty loves
Heaved the heroic hearts of paladins,
While high-born dames sate in arbitrament
Deftly deciding every dubious point.
The blithe old King dwells in those bygone scenes;
And as they still in ancient lays survive,
So he'd restore them like some fairy state
Bathed in a golden glamour on the earth.
E'en such a court of love he hath ordained,
Where noble knights in errantry shall rove,
And dainty dames shall gloriously be throned,
While chivalry's chaste loves once more shall reign,
And me he hath proclaimed the Prince of Love.

DUNOIS (*after a pause*).

I'm not so utterly degenerate
That I should scorn the mastery of love,
Whose name I bear, of whom I was begot,
And in whose realm my only portion lies.
My father was the Prince of Orleans,
No woman's heart was proof against his wiles,
But so no foeman's fort could keep him out.
If thou wouldst fitly dub thee Prince of Love,
First prove thyself the bravest of the brave.
As I have read in ancient chronicles

Love aye was paired with lofty chivalry,
And heroes, so men say, not sighing swains,
Did make the company at Arthur's board.
He only who can bravely shield the fair,
Deserves to bear the golden prize of love.
Behold the lists! Fight for your fathers' crown;
Defend with chivalrous and trenchant blade
Your kingdom and the honour of your dames;
And when 'mid ruddy streams of foemen's blood
You've bravely rescued your ancestral crown,
Then 'twill be time, and then 'twill grace you well,
To crown you with the myrtle wreath of love.

CHARLES (*to Squire who enters*).

What bring you?

SQUIRE.

Sire, a deputation waits
Of councillors from Orleans, craving speech.

CHARLES.

Bid them within—I wot they seek mine aid;
Whom can I help, who cannot help myself!

(*Squire goes.*)

SCENE III.—*Three Councillors enter to the preceding.*

CHARLES.

Welcome, right trusty men of Orleans.
How fares it now within my goodly town;
Persists it ever with its wonted fire
To make a front to the besieging foe?

COUNCILLOR.

Ah, Sire, we're sorely straitened—hour by hour
The swelling tide of ruin saps our walls;
The outer works are wrecked, and now the foe
Wins at each onset further vantage ground.
Swept of defenders are the battlements;
For desperate sallies tempt our manhood forth,
And few who sally e'er regain the walls.
Now too dire famine's scourge hangs o'er the town,
Therefore the noble Count of Rochepierre,
Who there commands, in this extremest need
Hath made convention with the enemy,
According to the ancient rites of war,
To yield on the expiry of twelve days,
If in that space no force shall take the field
Of strength sufficient to relieve the town.

(DUNOIS *makes signs of vehement indignation.*)

CHARLES.

The time is short.

COUNCILLOR.

E'en therefore are we come,
Conducted by an escort of the foe,
If haply we may move your royal heart
To pity your devoted faithful town,
And send us help within the stated space,
Else we surrender when the twelfth day dawns.

DUNOIS.

Saintrailles could surely never give his voice
For such a base, dishonourable pact.

COUNCILLOR.

No, Sir; while lived that hero none presumed
To breathe of parley or propose to yield.

DUNOIS.

Is he then dead?

COUNCILLOR.

Upon our battlements
The hero perished in his monarch's cause.

CHARLES.

Saintrailles is slain! Oh, in that single man
I lose an army!

(*A knight enters and whispers some words to* DUNOIS, *who starts alarmed.*)

DUNOIS.

This too!

CHARLES.

Now what next?

DUNOIS.

Earl Douglas sends us word our Scottish bands
Are up in mutiny, and will desert
If they this day receive not their arrear.

CHARLES.

Du Chatel!

DU CHATEL (*with a shrug*).

Sire, I'm bankrupt of resource.

CHARLES.

Ply them with promises, and pledge forthwith
All that thou hast—ay, were it half my realm.

DU CHATEL.

'Tis vain, they have too often been cajoled.

CHARLES.

They are the stoutest soldiers in my host;
They must not, shall not, leave me at this pinch.

COUNCILLOR (*prostrating himself*).

Oh, Sire, protect us; think upon our need!

CHARLES (*distractedly*).

Can I stamp armaments from out the earth?
Do cornfields cluster in my needy palm?
Rend me in pieces, pluck the heart from me,
And mint it 'stead of gold—I've blood for you;
But silver have I none, or men-at-arms!

SCENE IV.—AGNES SOREL, *a casket in her hand, enters to the preceding.*

CHARLES.

Oh Agnes, Agnes! oh my love, my life!
Thou com'st to rescue me from blank despair;
I still have thee, I flee to thy dear breast;
Nought, nought is lost while thou art left to me.

AGNES.

Mine own dear King!
(*She looks around with an anxious and inquiring glance.*)
Dunois, is't even so?
Du Chatel, say, is then the strait so dire?
His treasure fails; and will his bands desert?

DU CHATEL.

Alack, 'tis so indeed——

AGNES (*thrusting the casket into his hands*).

Then here is gold,
And here are jewels—melt my silver down;
Mortgage or sell my castles, borrow funds
On my Provence estates—turn all to gold,
So ye content the soldiery—away!
No time's to lose. (*She speeds him forth.*)

CHARLES.

Now say, Dunois, Du Chatel, am I poor,
Who thus possess the pearl of womankind?
Sure she is nobly born as I myself;
The royal blood of Valois tops not hers;
She'd fitly grace the greatest throne of earth,
And yet she scorns to seek to share mine own;
Choosing my love alone, without my crown.
When would she e'er accept from me a gift
Of costlier value than some early flower,
Or some rare fruit in winter? From my hand
She'll take no offering, yet brings me all;
And ventures all her wealth and all her goods
Magnanimously on my sinking luck.

DUNOIS.

Ay, she's another maniac like thyself,
And casts her all into a burning house,
Or seeks to fill the Danaïds' leaky vat.
And yet she shall not save thee; only plunge
Herself in ruin with thee.

AGNES.

Heed him not;
Ten times he's ventured life itself for thee,
And yet he fumes because I risk my dross.
Have I not gladly sacrificed for thee
That which is costlier far than gold or pearls,
And shall I play the niggard with my gear?
Come, let us part with all superfluous gauds,
Oh, let me teach thee noble sacrifice;
Turn all thine equipage to men-at-arms,
Thy gold to steel—all, all thou dost possess
Stake it with resolution for thy crown;
Come, let us peril and privation share;
The fiery war-horse valiantly bestride;
And give our tender bodies to the sun,
Taking the vault of heaven for our roof,
The rugged rock for pillow to our heads.
The common soldier will his own distress
With patience bear when he shall see his King
Like to the humblest share the roughs of war.

CHARLES (*smiling*).

Ah, now I see the meaning of the words
Which once a holy nun in Clermont's walls
Prophetically whispered in mine ear.
A woman, said she, would one day arise
And make me victor over all my foes,
Winning me back my old ancestral crown.
Long looked I for her in the hostile camp,
Thinking to win again my mother's heart;
But here's my heroine, my guide to Rheims;
And through my Agnes' love I'll win the day!

AGNES.

Nay, thou shalt win it through thy friends' good swords.

CHARLES.

And much I hope from discord 'mid the foe,
For sure intelligence hath come to me
That 'tween these overbearing English lords
And cousin Burgundy not all goes well.
Therefore I've sent La Hire unto the Duke,
If haply I may win the angry peer
Back to his duty and his ancient faith;
And every moment I expect him here.

DU CHATEL (*at the casement*).

The knight e'en now doth spur into the court.

CHARLES.

Right welcome courier! we soon shall know
Whether we win, or yield us to the foe.

SCENE V.—LA HIRE *enters to the preceding.*

CHARLES (*advancing to meet him*).

La Hire, what tidings—bring you hope or none?
Out with it quick—what have we to expect?

LA HIRE.

Sire, look for nothing now save from your sword.

CHARLES.

What, would the proud Duke not be reconciled?
Oh speak—how favoured he my overtures?

LA HIRE.

Before all else, before he'd even lend
An ear to you, he haughtily demands
That Du Chatel be given up to him,
Whom he doth name the murderer of his sire.

CHARLES.

And if we spurn the infamous demand?

LA HIRE.

Then must the parley end, ere it began.

CHARLES.

Didst challenge him, as I commanded thee,
To single combat with me on the bridge
Of Montereau, e'en where his father fell?

LA HIRE.

I flung him down your gauntlet, and declared
You'd cheerfully forego your royalty,
And fight like any knight to save your realm.
But he replied that sure he had no need
To fight for what he had already won;
But if you'd such a stomach for hard knocks,
You'd find him in the front of Orleans,
Whither he meant the morrow to repair.
With that he laughed, and turned upon his heel.

CHARLES.

Did not my Commons raise the sacred voice
Of right and justice upon my behalf?

LA HIRE.

Nay, it was gagged by faction's fatal hand.

An Act of Parliament declared that you,
And all your line, have forfeited the throne.

DUNOIS.

Ha! the presumption of the upstart knaves!

CHARLES.

Made you no essay to win o'er the Queen?

LA HIRE.

The Queen?

CHARLES.

Ay, name her attitude the while.

LA HIRE (*after a few moments of hesitation*).

The coronation feast was being held
E'en as I entered St. Denis; and decked
As for a triumph was the Paris mob;
Triumphal arches spanned each thoroughfare
Through which the usurping English King should ride;
His course was strewed with flowers, and with shouts
The crowd sprang round his chariot, as if France
Did celebrate the fairest victory.

AGNES.

What, shouted? as they trampled on the heart
Of their own loving, all too gentle King!

LA HIRE.

And there I saw young Harry Lancaster,
The English urchin, on the royal chair
Of sainted Louis sit; his uncles proud,
Bedford and Gloster, standing by his side,
While Burgundy did kneel before the throne,
And made the oath of homage for his fief.

CHARLES.

Unworthy cousin, peer to honour dead!

LA HIRE.

The boy was nervous, and he made a trip
As he would mount the steps unto the throne;
'An evil omen!' the assembly cried;
And ringing laughter rose amid the throng;
Then stepped the Queen, your mother, to his side,
And—— but it maddens me to utter it.

CHARLES.

Say on.

LA HIRE.

She took the boy within her arms
And seated him upon your father's throne!

CHARLES.

Oh, mother, mother!

LA HIRE.

E'en the furious hordes
Of Burgundy, those bands inured to blood,
Turned red with shame and anger at the sight.
The Queen did see 't, and turning to the throng
She called aloud, 'Ye well may thank me, Franks,
That with a healthy scion I've enriched
A sickly stock, and have preserved you from
A crack-brained father's misbegotten son.'

(CHARLES *hides his face.* AGNES *clasps him in her arms All present manifest horror and indignation.*)

DUNOIS.

The she-wolf! Oh the merciless Megæra!

CHARLES (*after a pause, to the Councillors from Orleans*).

Ye've heard how matters here do stand with me,
Delay no more; return to Orleans,
And tell my luckless loyal burgesses
I now absolve them of their oath to me;
Let them bethink their own deliverance,
And yield them to the grace of Burgundy;
Philip "The Good" at least will human be.

DUNOIS.

How, Sire, would you abandon Orleans?

COUNCILLOR (*kneeling*).

My royal lord, withdraw not thus thy hand
From our defence; give not thy faithful town
To England's hard and domineering sway;
Sure 'tis a goodly jewel in thy crown;
No town of France more steadfastly hath kept
Its faith unto thy royal ancestors.

DUNOIS.

Are we then beaten, that we quit the field
Ere stroke of sword hath happened for the place?
And can you thus with one light hasty word,
Ere blood hath flowed, give up the fairest town
From out the heart of France?

CHARLES.

Enough of blood
Hath flowed already, and hath flowed in vain.
Surely against me is God's heavy hand;
Defeated are my troops in every field;
My Commons cast me off, my capital,

My people hail mine enemies with glee;
My nearest kin betray and spurn my rights;
My very mother nurses on her lap
This foreign stripling hatched of hostile brood!
I'll hie me to the further bank of Loire,
And bow me to the mighty hand of Heaven
Which manifestly favours England's cause.

AGNES.

Nay, God forbid that we despairingly
Should turn our backs upon our native realm.
That counsel came not from your valiant breast;
His mother's monstrous and unnatural deed
Hath crushed my Sovereign's heroic heart;
But soon I wot you'll man yourself again
With noble spirit to confront the fates
Which grimly thwart you now.

CHARLES (*sunk in gloomy meditation*).

'Tis even so;
Some dark and fearful destiny o'erhangs
The race of Valois; sure it is accurst.
Methinks the scandal of my mother's life
Hath reared avenging Furies in our line.
My father lay for twenty years insane;
My elder brothers have been reaped by death;
Too manifestly is it Heaven's will
The house of Charles the Sixth should sink in shame.

AGNES.

Nay, it shall newly bloom to youth in thee;
Trust in thyself; oh, surely not in vain
A gracious destiny hath spared thee still,

The last and youngest of thy royal line,
And called thee to an unexpected throne.
Thy gentle spirit was ordained by Heaven
To prove the leech for all the grievous wounds
Which faction's rage hath dealt upon our land.
Thy hand shall quench the flames of civil strife,
My heart doth tell me so; thou'lt give us peace,
And be the founder of a happier France.

CHARLES.

Not I, alas! the rude and stormy time
Demands a steadier steering hand than mine.
I could have made a peaceful people glad;
I cannot tame a nation roused in strife;
Nor open with my falchion's point their hearts
Firm closed against me and estranged in hate.

AGNES.

The folk are blinded; folly dulls them now;
But this delirium shall pass away;
And at no distant hour shall reawake
That love for his hereditary King
Which lies deep planted in the Frenchman's heart.
The ancient hate and envy too shall wake
Which part the Frenchman and the Englishman;
His very triumphs work the victor's fall.
Therefore abandon not with reckless haste
The lists of war; fight for each foot of soil;
Defend e'en as it were thy proper breast
This hapless Orleans; sink thy ferry boats,
And burn down every bridge which builds a way

O'er this dividing river of thy realm,
The fateful Stygian waters of the Loire.

CHARLES.

I've done what in me lay; I've sought to gage
My life in single combat in the lists
To save my crown; my challenge is denied.
In vain I spill my suffering people's blood;
In vain my cities crumble in the dust;
Like that false mother in the Hebrew tale,
Who blenched not at the infant's doom, shall I
Suffer my kingdom to be hewn in twain?
No—I'll surrender it that it may live.

DUNOIS.

How, Sire, is this the language of a King?
Are crowns thus given up? The very least
Of all thy subjects stakes his goods and life
For his convictions, for his loves and hates—
All turns to party when the ensanguined flag
Of civil war is hoisted on the breeze.
The peasant casts aside his share, the wife
Her distaff, young and old put armour on;
The burgher e'en will set the glowing brand
To his own roof; the boor will waste his crops
To do thee damage or to work thee weal,
If thus he may fulfil his love or spleen.
In nought he spares himself, nor aught expects
Of other men when honour calls, or when
He wars for superstition or for God.
Therefore away with mawkish sympathy
Unworthy royal breasts; e'en let the war
Rage out as best it may, as it began;

'Twas not thy hand which lightly kindled it.
The common folk must for their monarch bleed;
Such is the destiny and law of earth.
The Frenchman neither knows nor chooses else;
All worthless is the people which would shrink
To wage its all with joy in honour's cause.

CHARLES (*to the Councillors from Orleans*).

Expect no more from me—God be your help;
For I can do no more.

DUNOIS.

Then may the God
Of victory ever turn his back on you,
As you do on your realm. As you desert
Your own good cause, so I abandon you.
Not Burgundy's and England's double might,
But your own craven heart doth cause your fall.
All other Kings of France were heroes born;
But thou'rt begotten all unfit for war.
(*To the Councillors.*)
Your King forsakes you; but I'll throw myself
Into my father's town of Orleans,
And find my grave beneath its battered walls.

(*He is about to go.* AGNES *restrains him.*)

AGNES (*to the King*).

Oh, let him not in anger quit your side;
His lips speak rugged words, but sure his heart
Is true as steel; he loves you more than all;
And oft hath shed his blood in your behalf.
Come, own, Dunois, the heat of generous spleen
Hath spurred you past respect. And you, my liege,

Forgive the hasty words of such a friend.
Come, let me swiftly reunite your hearts,
Ere sudden inextinguishable wrath
Kindle betwixt you its destructive flames.

(DUNOIS *looks towards* CHARLES, *seemingly awaiting his reply.*)

CHARLES (*to* DU CHATEL).

Nay, but I'll cross the Loire this very day;
Swift ship my equipage.

DUNOIS.

Then fare ye well!

(*He goes abruptly. The Councillors follow.*)

AGNES (*wringing her hands despairingly*).

Oh, if he goes then we're abandoned quite!
Follow, La Hire, and strive to win him back.

(LA HIRE *goes.*)

SCENE VI.—CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, DU CHATEL

CHARLES.

Is then the crown the one, the only good,
Is it so bitter hard to part from that?
Ah no! methinks it is a harder lot
To bend before the arrogant caprice
Of domineering vassals such as yon;
To be their slave; to hold my very life

By favour of each bold, defiant lord.
Ay! that's the sharpest cross of kingly souls;
And bitterer far than to succumb to fate.
(*To* DU CHATEL, *who still lingers.*)
Do as I now commanded.

DU CHATEL (*throwing himself at his feet*).

Oh, my King!

CHARLES.

It is resolved; bandy no words with me.

DU CHATEL.

Nay, then, accept the terms of Burgundy—
No other way of rescue now remains.

CHARLES.

You counsel this! and yet 'tis your life's blood
Must seal the treaty with the angry Duke!

DU CHATEL.

Here is my head, full oft I've perilled it
For you in battle, and I lay it down
With joy upon the scaffold for my King.
Content the Duke; deliver me forthwith
To the full rancour of his vengeful mood;
And let my heart's blood reconcile your feud.

CHARLES (*after a pause of silent emotion*).

Is't even so; and is it come to this
That e'en my nearest friends who read my heart
Point me deliverance by ways of shame?

Ah, now I see the deepness of my fall,
Since all reliance on mine honour's gone!

DU CHATEL.

Reflect.

CHARLES.

Nay, say no more, incense me not;
If I must turn my back on twenty thrones,
I'd not redeem them at so fell a price.
Do as I bade you; go, and ship my train.

DU CHATEL.

Sire, I obey.

(*He goes.* AGNES SOREL *weeps bitterly.*)

SCENE VII.—CHARLES AND AGNES SOREL.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

Why downcast, Agnes dear?
Behind the Loire there lies another France;
We do but flit into a happier land,
Where smiles a mild and never clouded clime;
And softer zephyrs blow; a gentler race
Awaits us yonder; 'tis the land of song,
Where life and love alike more sweetly bloom.

AGNES.

Ah, must I then behold this luckless day—
Must then my gracious liege to exile go?
The son wend forth from out his father's house,
And turn him from the cradle of his race?
Oh happy, happy land which now we quit,
Ne'er shall we tread your soil again in joy!

SCENE VIII.—CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, LA HIRE (*returned*).

AGNES (*to* LA HIRE).

You come alone, you bring him not again.
(*Observing him more narrowly.*)
La Hire, what now? what saith your look to me?
Some new mischance hath happened.

LA HIRE.

Nay, mischance
Hath run its course, and fortune smiles again!

AGNES.

What tidings bring you? I beseech you say.

LA HIRE (*to* CHARLES).

Call back your councillors of Orleans——

CHARLES.

Wherefore recall them,—what hath chanced anew?

LA HIRE.

Sire, call them back. Thy luck hath turned its course,
A battle hath been fought, and thou hast won.

AGNES.

Won, won! Oh, heavenly music of the word!

CHARLES.

La Hire, some idle fable mocks you sure.
Victory!—ne'er shall I believe it more.

LA HIRE.

Full soon you'll have to credit stranger things;
Behold the Archbishop, who brings Dunois
Once more into your arms.

AGNES.

Oh beauteous flower
Of victory, which thus the heavenly fruits,
Concord and reconciliation, bears!

SCENE IX.—CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, LA HIRE. *To whom enter the Archbishop of Rheims*, DUNOIS, *and* DU CHATEL, *conducting* RAOUL *equipped in armour.*

ARCHBISHOP (*leading* DUNOIS *to* CHARLES, *and making them join hands*).

Embrace ye, Princes; cast away forthwith
Your mutual grudges; lay aside your feuds,
Since Heaven at length declares itself for us.
(DUNOIS *embraces the King.*)

CHARLES.

Pluck me from out this doubt and wonderment.
What signifies to me this solemn charge?
What can have wrought this sudden turn of things?

ARCHBISHOP (*leading forward* RAOUL *and placing him before the King*).

Sir Knight, unfold your tidings to the King.

RAOUL.

Some sixteen squadrons had we mustered up,
Men of Lorraine, to join your royal power;
And Baudricour, the Knight of Vaucouleurs,
Did lead us on; when, as we reached the heights
By Vermanton, and 'gan descend the dale
That's watered by the current of the Yonne,
There stood the foe before us on the plain;
Whilst in our rear the gleam of hostile steel
Showed that we stood hemmed in by double bands;
Nor hope remained to conquer or to flee.
Then sank the spirit of the bravest; each,
Despairing, thought alone to ground his arms.
But while our leaders with each other sought
Counsel, and found it not, lo there appeared
A wondrous prodigy before our eyes.
Sudden from out the bosom of the grove
A virgin strode; a helmet on her brow,
Like some war-goddess, fair at once to see,
And terrible withal; around her neck
Her tresses dark in ringlets fell; a light
From Heaven seemed to glorify the heights
As she upraised her voice and loud proclaimed,
'Wherefore despair, brave French? Upon the foe!
Were they more numerous than ocean's sands;
God and the sacred Virgin lead you on.'
Then swiftly from the standard-bearer's hand
She plucked the banner, and with valiant mien
The potent maiden stepped before the van.
We, mute with wonder, reft of will, support
The waving ensign and its bearer bold,
And headlong launch ourselves upon the foe,
Who paralysed and motionless remained,

With fixed and gaping gaze bewondering
The portent thus unfolded to his view.
But soon, as if the terrors of the Lord
Had smitten him, he swiftly turns to flight,
Casting away his arms and equipage;
And all his host disperses on the plain.
Then rose in vain the leader's wild appeal;
By terror dazed, with ne'er a look behind,
Rider and horse plunge in the river's flood,
And unresisting yield them unto death.
It was a very shambles—not a fray.
Two thousand of their corpses strewed the field;
Not counting those the thirsty flood engulfed;
And ne'er a man of ours was lost that day.

CHARLES.

Wondrous, 'fore God; most rare and marvellous!

AGNES.

A maiden wrought this miracle, you say.
Whence came she, and what is she?

RAOUL.

Who she is
Will she unto the King alone unfold.
She names herself a seer and prophetess,
Commanded forth by God; and undertakes
To rescue Orleans ere the moon shall change.
Our bands believe in her, and burn for strife.
With them she comes, and will be here anon.

(*Church bells are heard, and clash of arms.*)

Hark to the jubilee and peal of bells!
'Tis she; the people hail the God-sent maid

CHARLES (*to* DU CHATEL).

Bring her within.

(*To the Archbishop.*)

What may I think of this?
Triumph at last, and by a maiden's hand,
When nought could save me but the arm of God!
Sure such a thing is not in nature's course,
And, Bishop, can I credit miracles?

MANY VOICES (*behind the scenes*).

Hail to the virgin, the deliverer—hail!

CHARLES (*to* DUNOIS).

She comes—Dunois, I pray you take my chair;
I'd put this wonder-maiden to the proof;
If she's inspired and truly sent of God,
She will not fail to recognise the King.

(DUNOIS *takes the King's seat.* CHARLES *stands at his right hand, with* AGNES SOREL *by his side. The Archbishop and the others take up their position opposite, leaving the central space unoccupied.*)

SCENE X.—*To the preceding enters* JOAN OF ARC, *attended by the Councillors of Orleans, and numerous knights, who fill the background. She advances with a noble dignity, and looks successively at each of those present.*

DUNOIS (*after a profound and solemn silence*).

Is't thou, indeed, thou wonder-working maid?

JOAN (*interrupting him, and looking on him with lofty penetration*).

Bastard of Orleans, thou wouldst tempt the Lord;
Descend from that proud seat which fits thee not;
My mission is unto thy master here.
(*Pointing to the King.*)

(*She advances with unhesitating step to* CHARLES; *bows one knee before him; then, rising, she retires a space. All present manifest astonishment.* DUNOIS *leaves the King's seat; and* CHARLES *stands in the centre.*)

CHARLES (*to* JOAN).

Thou never didst behold me till this day;
Whence hast thou this sure knowledge of my form?

JOAN.

I saw thee when none saw thee else but God.
(*She draws near, and speaks to him in secret tones.*)
In the still watches of the bygone night,
When all around thee here in slumber deep
Lay buried, thou didst rise from off thy couch
And pour a fervent prayer to the Lord.
Dismiss thy courtiers, and I'll name to thee
The purport of that prayer.

CHARLES.

What I to Heaven
Confided needs not to be hid from man.
Unfold to me the purport of my prayer,
And then I shall not doubt you are inspired.

JOAN.

Three several petitions thou didst make;
Now mark well, Dauphin, if I name them right.
Foremost of all, you asked of Heaven's grace,
If aught unrighteous clave unto your crown,
If any grievous sin not yet atoned,
E'en from the old times of your ancestors,
Had haply caused this sad and tearful war,
Then might you be the victim for your folk,
Receiving on your individual head
The brimming vials of His Godly wrath.

CHARLES (*starting back with amazement*).

Who art thou, wondrous maiden, and from whence?

(*All present evince their astonishment.*)

JOAN.

This second prayer thou madest to thy God:
That if it was His will and high decree
To wrest the sceptre from thy royal line,
And strip from thee the lands thine ancestors,
The sovereigns of this kingdom, did possess,
Three single boons thou didst entreat of him
Yet to vouchsafe thee:—a contented mind;
A true friend's heart; and thine own Agnes' love.

(CHARLES *covers his face and weeps. All present are profoundly moved. After a pause,* JOAN *continues.*)

Shall I thy third petition now unfold?

CHARLES.

Enough!—I now believe thee—mortal man
Such wonders could not speak—thou'rt sent of God.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who art thou, holy wonder-working maid;
What happy land did bear thee; say, who are
The blessed genitors who gave thee birth?

JOAN.

Most reverend prelate, people call me Joan;
I'm but a simple shepherd's lowly child,
Born in the royal borough Dom Remi,
Within the Church's diocese of Toul.
From childhood I did tend my father's flocks;
And much, and many a time, I heard men talk
Of the uncouth outlandish island folk
Who o'er the sea had come to make us slaves,
And force upon us the detested yoke
Of alien kings repugnant to our race;
And how already Paris they had seized,
And grasped the sovereignty of the realm.
Then fervently God's Mother I implored
To turn from us the shame of foreign bonds,
And to preserve to us our lineal King.
Now in my native hamlet's front there stands
An ancient image of the Virgin, sought
By many a pious pilgrim far and near;
And thereby grows a consecrated oak
Renowned for mystic power and wonders rare;
And 'twas my joy to sit beneath its boughs
Tending my flock; for so my heart was drawn.
If e'er a lamb might stray upon the hills,
I ever found its clue within my dreams
Whene'er I slept beneath that sacred shade.
And once upon a time when all night long
I sate in holy meditation rapt

Beneath that tree, resisting slumber's claim,
Sudden the Virgin stood before my sight,
Bearing a sword and banner; but her garb
Was like mine own, that of a shepherd maid.
'Rise, Joan,' she cried, 'arise and leave thy flock,
The Lord hath called thee to another task;
Henceforth this banner bear and wield this blade;
With this exterminate my people's foes,
Conduct to Rheims the chosen of the Lord,
And crown him with the diadem of France.'
But I replied, 'Can I, a simple maid,
And all unskilled in war's dread handicraft,
Adventure on such mighty things as these?'
To this she said, 'A pure and spotless maid
Sublimest aims can bring to pass on earth,
So she eschew the carnal loves of sense.
Look upon me, a maiden such as thou,
I bore the Lord Himself, the Son of God,
And am myself Divine.' With that she touched
Mine eyelids, and lo! when I looked on high,
I saw Heaven open, filled with angel boys
All bearing snowy lilies in their hands,
The while sweet anthems floated on the air.
Thus three successive nights the sacred shape
Appeared to me, and cried, 'Joanna, rise!
The Lord hath called thee to a higher task.'
And on the third night, as she thus appeared,
She seemed in ire, and spake these angry words:
'Obedience is the woman's plight on earth,
Patient endurance is her heavy lot;
Through service sore alone she's glorified;
Who faithful serves below shall reign above.'
And as she spake, she doffed the sordid garb

Of shepherdess, and as the Queen of Heaven
She stood before me in celestial pomp;
Till golden clouds did waft her up on high,
Slowly ascending to the land of bliss.

(*All are profoundly moved.* AGNES SOREL, *weeping, hides her face on the breast of* CHARLES.)

ARCHBISHOP (*after a long silence*).

Before such wondrous evidence divine
Must every doubt of worldly wisdom yield.
Her deeds do manifest she speaks the truth;
The Almighty only could such wonders work.

DUNOIS.

More than her miracles, I trust her eye,
And the pure innocence which stamps her look.

CHARLES.

Am I, a sinner, worthy of such grace?
Infallible, all-searching God, Thou see'st
Mine inmost soul, and know'st my humble mind.

JOAN.

The meekness of the great looms grand on high;
As thou didst bow thyself, now art thou raised.

CHARLES.

And shall I now make head against my foes?

JOAN.

I'll lay thee France submissive at thy feet.

CHARLES.

And Orleans, say'st thou, shall not now succumb?

JOAN.

Ere that shall happen Loire shall backward flow.

CHARLES.

And shall I enter Rheims a conqueror?

JOAN.

I'll bring thee thither through ten thousand foes.

(*The knights clash their arms with gestures of enthusiasm.*)

DUNOIS.

Place but the Maiden in our army's front,
We'll follow blindly where the God-sent girl
Shall lead us, guided by her gifted glance;
And this good sword shall her protection be.

LA HIRE.

We will not fear a universe in arms,
If she but march before our eager ranks;
The God of victory is at her side;
Then let the mighty Maiden be our guide.

(*The knights advance, with loud clash of arms.*)

CHARLES.

Ay, holy Maiden, lead thou on my host,
And all its chieftains shall obey thy call.
This trusty trenchant blade, which even now
The Constable of France in fume resigned,
Devolves into a worthier hand than his;
Receive it, thou illumined prophetess,
And fill his place.

JOAN.

Nay, noble Dauphin, nay;
Not through this instrument of earthly power
Is victory decreed unto my liege;
All other is the sword shall win the day;
I'll e'en describe it as the Spirit did;
Send thou to fetch it.

CHARLES.

Joan, describe the blade.

JOAN.

Then send unto your ancient town Fierboys;
There, in the churchyard of St. Katherine,
They'll find a vault with many a weapon stored,
The spoils of many a bygone victory.
Among them is the sword shall serve my need;
Three golden lilies graven on the blade
Shall mark it as the one decreed for me;
Command it hither; it shall victory win.

CHARLES.

Send to the spot, and do as she desires.

JOAN.

And let me also bear a snow-white flag,
A banner bordered with a purple seam,
Displaying on its field the Queen of Heaven
Clasping the infant Jesus in her arms,
And floating over a terrestrial ball;
For so the Holy Mother did command.

CHARLES.

So be it as you say.

JOAN (*kneeling before the Archbishop*).

Most reverend sir,
Lay on me now your consecrating hand,
And speak a blessing on your handmaid's cause.

ARCHBISHOP.

Nay, it is thine to consecrate and bless,
And not for me. Go in the power of God.
We are but sinners and unworthy men. (*She rises.*)

SQUIRE (*entering*).

A herald from the English General!

JOAN (*to* CHARLES).

Bid him approach, for he is sent by God.

(CHARLES *signs to the Squire, who goes.*)

SCENE XI.—*An English Herald enters to the preceding.*

CHARLES.

What bring you, herald? state your mission here.

HERALD.

Who speaks for Charles of Valois in this camp,
The Count of Ponthieu, who responds for him?

DUNOIS.

Unworthy herald, base unmannered boor!
Dare you deny the monarch of the French
E'en while you stand upon his kingdom's soil?
Your tabard shields you, or you'd rue the gibe.

HERALD.

France recognises but a single King,
And he holds court within the English camp.

CHARLES (*to* DUNOIS).

Cousin, be still.—Herald, announce your charge.

HERALD.

My noble leader, grieving for the blood
Already shed, and likely yet to flow,
Hath bid his warriors sheathe their trusty swords,
And ere that Orleans shall fall by storm,
He proffers to you amicable terms.

CHARLES.

Let's hear them.

JOAN (*advancing*).

Sire, permit me in thy stead
To entertain this herald.

CHARLES.

Do so, Maid;
And e'en decide, whether for peace or war.

JOAN (*to the Herald*).

Who sends you, herald, say; who speaks by you?

HERALD.

The British chief, the Earl of Salisbury.

JOAN.

Herald, you lie; the Earl speaks not by you;
The living only speak; the dead are dumb.

HERALD.

My leader lives in fulness of his health;
Ay, he hath life and strength to crush you all.

JOAN.

He lived what time you left him; but this morn
A shot from Orleans stretched him on the earth,
E'en as he looked forth from La Tournelle's tower.
You laugh because I tell you things remote;
If not my words, then credit your own eyes;
His corpse shall meet you on your homeward way,
If e'er your feet shall bear you on that path;
Now speak, Sir herald; tell your embassage.

HERALD.

If haply thou canst hidden things reveal,
Then must thou know it ere I give it words.

JOAN.

It boots me not to hear it; but instead
Now hearken unto mine, and these my words
Say to the Princes who have sent you forth.
Oh, King of England, and ye haughty Dukes,
Bedford and Gloster, Regents of his realm,
Give reckoning unto the King of Heaven
For all the guiltless blood that ye have shed.
Give back to us the keys of all the towns
Which ye have wrung from us 'gainst right divine.
The Maiden comes, sent forth by Heaven's King,
To proffer to you peace or deadly war.
Choose which you will; but this I tell you plain,
Fair France hath never been decreed to you
By Mary's Son Divine; for Charles the Seventh,

My liege and Dauphin, chosen of the Lord,
Shall enter Paris as its rightful king,
Accompanied by all his noble peers.
Now go, Sir herald ; get you quickly gone,
For ere you may attain the hostile camp,
And bring your tidings, is the Maiden there,
To plant on Orleans her conquering flag.

(*Amid general enthusiasm she retires. All follow.*)

ACT II.

Scene I.—*A spot encircled by cliffs.*

Talbot and Lionel, Philip of Burgundy, Fastolf and Chatillon (*with soldiers and banners*).

TALBOT.

Beneath the shelter of these friendly cliffs
E'en let us halt, and make our leaguer sure,
The while we strive to rally our commands
Wide scattered by the sudden panic's fright.
Make good the posts, and occupy the heights;
Night's kindly shades secure us from pursuit;
Unless our enemies can wing the air,
I fear no sudden onfall: ne'ertheless
Caution is needful, for we have to do
With mettled foes who've made us taste defeat.

(Fastolf *goes, with soldiers.*)

LIONEL.

Defeat! nay, never name the hateful word.
I may not brook to think the Frank this day
Beheld the backs of Britain's warlike sons.
Oh, Orleans, Orleans, grave of our renown,
Upon thy plain old England's honour lies!
Disgraceful, most contemptible repulse;
Who will believe it in the times to come;

The conquerors of Agincourt, Poitiers,
And Cressy, foiled and hunted by a girl!

BURGUNDY.

Be this our comfort; not by mortal force
Have we been worsted, but by devil's arts.

TALBOT.

By devil's folly, say; how, Burgundy,
This vulgar spectre scares not princes too?
Nay, superstition is a sorry cloak
For fear—your people were the first to flee.

BURGUNDY.

None halted—universal was the rout.

TALBOT.

Nay, sir, in your division it began.
You burst into our ranks, exclaiming loud
That Hell was loose and Satan fought for France,
And thus you brought disorder in our line.

LIONEL.

Deny it not—your wing began the rout.

BURGUNDY.

Ay, because there the onset first began.

TALBOT.

The Maiden knew the weak point in our ranks,
Full well she knew where fear was to be found.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! and must Burgundy the scandal bear?

LIONEL.

We Englishmen, had we been but alone,
By God, we never would have Orleans lost.

BURGUNDY.

No—for you never then had Orleans seen!
Who bridged for you the way into this land?
Who stretched to you the trusty hand of help
When first you landed on this foreign shore?
Who crowned your Henry in the capital,
And won for him the suffrages of France?
By Heaven, but for this right arm of mine,
You never would have seen a smoke-wreath curl
From out the chimney of a Frankish hut.

LIONEL.

If swelling words could do the matter, duke,
Then you alone had subjugated France.

BURGUNDY.

Ye're out of humour for that Orleans
Hath 'scaped your clutch; and now ye vent your gall
On me, your true ally; but whence the loss
Of Orleans, save only from your greed?
'Twas e'en prepared to yield itself to me;
You and your envy hindered it alone.

TALBOT.

We ne'er beleaguered it on your behalf.

BURGUNDY.

How would it fare with you an I withdraw?

LIONEL.

No worse, believe me, than at Agincourt,
Where we beat France and Burgundy to boot.

BURGUNDY.

And yet ye sorely needed my support,
And dearly did the Regent purchase it.

TALBOT.

Ay, dearly have we purchased it this day
In front of Orleans, with our fair renown!

BURGUNDY.

Push it no further, lord, or you may rue't.
Think you I left the standard of my King,
And brought upon my head a traitor's name,
To brook such insult from the foreigner?
Why stand I here amid the foes of France?
If I'm to fight for an ungrateful cause,
I'd better do so for my rightful King.

TALBOT.

You're treating with the Dauphin even now;
We know it well; but we shall find the means
To baffle all your scheming.

BURGUNDY.

Death and Hell!
Is't thus you dare affront me?—Chatillon,
Command my people to prepare to march;
We'll wend us homeward.

(CHATILLON *goes.*)

LIONEL.

Luck upon your way.
Never more brightly shone the Briton's fame
Than when he, trusting to his own good sword,
Fought without help of partner or ally.
E'en let us separately wage our war,
For sure it is an everlasting truth
That French and English never shall agree.

SCENE II.—QUEEN ISABEAU, *attended by a page, enters to the preceding.*

ISABEAU.

What do I hear, commanders? Cease your broils.
Oh, what unlucky, brain-confounding star
Thus fatally perverts your sober sense?
E'en now, when concord is your only hope,
Would ye in mutual hate divide your strength,
And woo disaster by intestine strife?
I pray you, duke, revoke that rash command;
And you, illustrious Talbot, I entreat,
Appease this justly irritated friend.
Come, Lionel, and help to reconcile
These swelling spirits, and repair their feud.

LIONEL.

Not I, my lady, 'tis the same to me;
Methinks when men are of a jarring mood,
The best thing they can do is e'en to part.

ISABEAU.

What, doth the hell-born jugglery, which proved
So fatal to us in the field, still work
To cloud our counsels and confound our plans?
Say, which began the wrangle? (*To* TALBOT:) Noble lord,
Could you so far forget your obvious weal,
Rashly to flout so needful an ally?
What could you do without his puissant arm?
'Twas he who reared the throne for your young King,
He props it, or o'erturns it, at his will.
His bands support you, and yet more his name.
All England, if she poured out all her sons
Upon our borders, never could prevail
To curb a mighty and united realm.
Without French swords France never could be won.

TALBOT.

We know the honour due to faithful friends;
But wisdom bids us guard against the false.

BURGUNDY.

Who faithlessly renounces gratitude
Such never lacks the liar's brazen front.

ISABEAU.

How, noble Burgundy, could you so far
Forget your honour and your princely worth
As ever shamefully to grasp the hand
Which slew your father? Are you mad enough
To deem that ever reconcilement true
Between the Dauphin and yourself could be,

Whom your own hand has pushed to ruin's brink?
So near his fall wouldst now deliver him,
And madly frustrate your own handiwork?
Here stand your true allies; your only hope
Lies in firm union with the English power.

BURGUNDY.

Peace with the Dauphin's far from my design;
But yet I may not brook the arrogance
Of haughty England's domineering sons.

ISABEAU.

Come, bear not malice for a hasty word;
Sure weighty cares distract a leader's soul;
Injustice ever was disaster's child;
Come, come, embrace ye; let me swiftly close
This deadly rift, ere it be past repair.

TALBOT.

How say you, Burgundy? A noble heart
Doth ever frankly bow to reason's voice.
The counsel of the Queen is wise and good;
Then even let this handgrip heal the wounds
Inflicted by my overhasty tongue.

BURGUNDY.

I own the wisdom of the Queen's advice;
And my just ire yields to necessity.

ISABEAU.

'Tis well; now let the kiss of brotherhood
Seal your new harmony; and may the winds
Waft to oblivion the words ye spoke.

(*They embrace.*)

LIONEL (*to himself, as he contemplates the group*).

Hail to the harmony a Fury founds!

ISABEAU.

'Tis true we've lost a battle, Generals;
Fortune did fight against us; ne'ertheless
Let not your courage sink; the Dauphin sure
Despairs of Heaven's help, and summons now
Hell's arts unto his aid; yet all in vain.
To Satan hath he sold his craven soul,
And Hell itself shall not deliver him.
A conquering maiden leads the hostile bands,
Then I'll lead yours, and, trust me, I shall prove
As good as e'er a maid or prophetess.

LIONEL.

Madam, go home to Paris; we will war
With our good swords, and not with woman's wiles.

TALBOT.

Ay, go; since you have been within the camp
No blessing longer sits upon our swords.

BURGUNDY.

Begone, your presence works no good to us;
The very soldiers take offence at you.

ISABEAU (*looking, amazed, from the one to the other*).

What, you too, Burgundy; do even you
Take part against me with these thankless lords?

BURGUNDY.

Begone, I say; the soldier's stomach sinks
To think he fights for your accursed cause.

ISABEAU.

Scarce have I patched your internecine broils,
But ye must make a league against myself!

TALBOT.

In God's name, madam, go; we fear no fiend
If only you be once without the camp.

ISABEAU.

Am I not then your faithful true ally;
Is not your cause identified with mine?

TALBOT.

But yours not so with ours; we are engaged
In a right good and honourable strife.

BURGUNDY.

I but avenge a father's bloody death,
And filial piety doth bless my sword.

TALBOT.

And, truth to say, your dealings with your son
May not be justified 'fore God or man.

ISABEAU.

May curses blight him to the tenth degree!
He was a recreant to his mother's cause.

BURGUNDY.

He but avenged his father and your spouse.

ISABEAU.

He made himself the judge of all my acts.

LIONEL.

Sure that was disrespectful in a son!

ISABEAU.

He sent his mother into banishment.

TALBOT.

To carry out the nation's general will.

ISABEAU.

A curse light on me if I pardon him;
And ere he reign within his father's realm———

TALBOT.

You'd sacrifice the honour of his dam!

ISABEAU.

Ye know not, pitiful and feeble souls,
The throes which wring an outraged mother's heart.
I love my benefactor, but I hate
My injurer; and if he be my son,
Then is he all the worthier of my hate;
And as I gave him birth I'd take his life,
If he with ruthless arrogance presume
To wound the bosom on which once he lay.
Ye who now wage your war against my son
Have neither right nor ground for robbing him;
What outrage hath the Dauphin done to you?
What obligation hath he broke to you?
Spite and ambition are your only spur;
I well may hate him, for he is my son.

TALBOT.

Well may he know his mother in that hate!

ISABEAU.

Paltry dissemblers, how I spurn you all;
Liars unto yourselves and to the world.
Ye Englishmen stretch forth your robber hands
Upon this France, where you have not a right
Nor honest title to as much of earth
As a steed's hoofs might cover; and this duke,
Who lets himself be called "The Good," doth sell
His native land, the birthright of his line,
To foes and foreign masters; ne'ertheless,
Your every third word is of righteousness!
Hypocrisy I scorn; e'en as I am
So may the world see me.

BURGUNDY.

Ay, 'tis true;
You've stoutly corresponded to your fame.

ISABEAU.

I own to passion's sway and kindling blood
Like e'er another, and I came as Queen
Into this land to live and not to seem.
Was I to die to joy because the curse
Of fate awarded to my glowing youth
An imbecile and idiotic spouse?
I love my freedom dearer far than life;
And whoso wounds my liberty—— but why,
Why wrangle on my rights with such as you?
The muddy blood flows sluggish in your veins,
Your gloomy natures harbour hate alone.
This despicable duke, who all his life
Hath faltered between right and wrong, can ne'er
Heartily hate nor yet sincerely love.
I'll go to Melun; give me Lionel

For loving pastime and companionship;
Then do as 't pleases you; I'll care no more
For Burgundy or Britain's brutish sons.
(*She signs to her page, and is about to go.*)

LIONEL.

Nay, be assured the fairest boys of France
We take in battle shall be sent to you.

ISABEAU.

Ye're only fit to barter brutal blows;
The Frank alone love's dainty commerce knows.
(*She goes.*)

SCENE III.—TALBOT, BURGUNDY, LIONEL.

TALBOT.

Oh, what a woman!

LIONEL.

Now to counsel, sirs.
Shall we continue the retreat, or turn,
And by a rapid and audacious stroke
Wipe out the stain we have incurred this day?

BURGUNDY.

We're all too weak; our people are dispersed;
The panic is too fresh within their breasts.

TALBOT.

Blind fear alone it was which caused the rout;
The sudden impulse of a moment's scare.
This spectre of a frighted phantasy
When boldly faced will swiftly disappear.

Therefore my counsel is we lead the host
At break of day across the stream once more,
To meet the foe—

BURGUNDY.

Consider.

LIONEL.

By your leave,
Here is no matter for considering;
Swiftly must we retrieve our late defeat,
Or be for ever covered with disgrace.

TALBOT.

It is resolved—to-morrow we shall fight;
And that we may the surer exorcise
This phantom which unmans and blinds our troops,
Let each of us seek out this maiden fiend,
And measure swords with her in single fight.
If she but meet the shock of our good blades,
Then is her damage ended once for all;
If not—and be ye sure she'll shirk the proof—
Then is the host delivered from her spell.

LIONEL.

So be it, my good lord; and leave to me
This girlish contest where no blood shall flow;
I'll hope to take the sorceress alive,
And e'en before the doting Bastard's eyes
To bear her on these arms into our camp;
A merry jest to cheer our drooping ranks.

BURGUNDY.

Best not to promise overmuch, my lord.

TALBOT.

If I but once may clasp her in mine arms,
I'll treat her to a somewhat rude embrace.
Come, haste we now our toil-exhausted frames
With a light snatch of slumber to refresh;
And then—for battle with the morning's dawn!

SCENE IV.—JOAN, *bearing a banner, with casque and corslet on, but otherwise in female garb;* DUNOIS, LA HIRE, *knights and soldiers, appear above upon a rocky path; advance in silence, and burst upon the scene.*

JOAN (*to her followers, while yet upon the heights*).

The rampart's scaled; we stand within their camp!
Now rend the mantle of the silent night,
Which until now hath cloaked your stealthy march;
And herald to the foe your dread approach,
With lusty battle-cry of 'God and Joan!'

ALL (*with loud shouts and clang of arms*).

God and the God-sent Maiden for our cause!
(*Drums and trumpets.*)

ENGLISH SENTINEL (*behind the scene*).

The foe, the foe! The foe is in our midst!

JOAN.

Here, torchmen, hurl your fire amid their tents,
Let raging flames increase the wild alarm,
And death encompass them on every hand!
(*The soldiers advance. She is about to follow.*)

DUNOIS.

Now, Joan, thou hast right well fulfilled thy part;
Thou'st led us sheer into the hostile camp,
And given our enemies into our hand.
Retire thee now from out the battle's heat,
And leave the bloody ending on't to us.

LA HIRE.

Point but the path of triumph to the host,
With spotless hand thy flag before us bear;
But wield not thou thyself the deadly sword;
Oh tempt not the uncertain God of War,
For blind and merciless are his decrees.

JOAN.

Who shall command me halt, or who restrain
The holy Spirit which doth urge me on?
The death-bolt can but strike its destined mark;
Where peril threatens Joan must surely be.
'Tis not decreed that I shall fall this day;
First must I see my Sovereign duly crowned;
No foe may close my consecrated life
Till I fulfil my God-appointed task.

(*She goes.*)

LA HIRE.

Dunois, come, follow we the hero Maid,
And lend our valiant breasts to be her shield.

(*They follow her.*)

SCENE V.—*English soldiers flee across the scene. After them* TALBOT.

FIRST SOLDIER.

The Maiden! lo, the Maiden's in our midst!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Incredible! How gat she in the camp?

THIRD SOLDIER.

E'en through the air—the devil wings her flight.

FOURTH AND FIFTH SOLDIERS.

Flee! flee! oh flee! or we are all dead men!

(*They go.*)

TALBOT (*who comes*).

They will not hear me—not a man will stand;
Clean loosed are all the bands of discipline.
As if Hell's self had vomited around
Its legions of the damned, delirium wild
Blends in a desperate and senseless rout
The coward and the brave alike. In vain
I strive to muster e'en a tiny band
To rally round me and confront the flood
Of foes who waxing surge into the camp.
I seem the only sane man in a host
Distracted by some fever's fatal heat.
That we should flee before these feeble Franks
Whom we have worsted in a score of fights!
Who then is this unconquerable maid,
This terror-goddess who can swiftly turn
The tide of battle, and transform a herd

Of timid roes to lions? Shall a girl,
A juggling girl, who apes the studied part
Of sainted heroine, true heroes scare;
A maiden strip me of my martial fame?

SOLDIER (*rushing on the scene*).

The maiden is upon you, leader—flee!

TALBOT (*stabs him*).

Flee thou to Hell! This sword shall pierce the knave
Who speaks to me of fear or dastard flight.
(*He goes.*)

SCENE VI.—*The prospect expands. The English camp is seen in flames, drums sound, English soldiers flee, pursued by the French. After the rest* MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY (*alone*).

Where shall I turn, with foes and death around?
Here the enraged commander's threatening sword,
Forbidding flight, compels us to our death;
Yonder the awful Maiden rages round
Like some destroying fire—no friendly bush,
No sheltering cave affords a welcome nook
Where I may hide me from the dreadful scene.
Oh, that I ne'er had ventured o'er the sea
Obedient to the idle vain caprice
To win cheap honour in the Gallic wars;
And now by cruel fate I am involved
In this dire shambles! Would I were afar,
At home by peaceful Severn's blooming banks,

In my sire's mansion safe, where mother dear
Now sits in sorrow with my sweet young bride.
(JOAN *appears in the distance.*)
Alack, what sight is yon? the dreadful Maid
In lurid splendour rears her 'mid the flames,
Like some grim spectre from the jaws of Hell.
Where shall I turn? Her keen and fiery glance
Transfixes me e'en now; and from afar
Her arrowy eyes unerring pierce me through.
My limbs are palsied by her potent spell,
And fettered to the spot refuse me flight.
E'en must I stand and meet the deadly shape,
Howe'er my beating heart doth shrink the proof.
(JOAN *advances some paces towards him, and then halts.*)
See how she nears! I do not dare confront
Her onset fell; but humbly will I clasp
Her knees and crave my life; she is a maid;
I'll seek to soften her with piteous tears.
(JOAN *bursts upon the scene.*)

SCENE VII.—JOAN AND MONTGOMERY.

JOAN.

Die! for a British mother gave thee birth.

MONTGOMERY (*falling at her feet*).

Dread Maiden, smite not a defenceless man;
Behold, I've cast away my sword and shield,
And sink unarmed a suppliant at thy feet.
Take any ransom, only spare my life.

My father is a wealthy lord of Wales,
Sweet Wales, where Severn's many-winding stream
Through verdant meadows rolls its silver tide.
Full fifty hamlets yonder own his sway;
With untold gold he'd save his much-loved son,
If he but know I live within your camp.

JOAN.

Deluded fool! abandon thought of life
Now thou art fallen into the Maiden's hand;
The ruthless Maid, from whose destroying arm
Nor rescue nor salvation may be hoped.
If fate had cast thee in the scaly jaws
Of the grim stony-hearted crocodile,
Or in the cruel spotted panther's gripe,
E'en hadst thou robbed the lion mother's brood,
Thou still might'st hope for mercy or remorse;
But it is death to meet with Joan of Arc.
For know, a dread inviolable pact
Doth pledge me to the awful spirit world
To slay without compunction every foe
The God of Battles gives into my hand.

MONTGOMERY.

Thy words are dreadful, but thy looks are mild;
Thou art not terrible to look upon;
My hopes are fostered by thy beauteous form;
Oh, by the softness of thy tender sex
I pray thee to have pity on my youth.

JOAN.

Appeal not to my sex; nor name me maid;
For, like the incorporal spirits of the air

Which mock the wooings of the sons of clay,
So I acknowledge no material sex:
This corslet covers not a human heart.

MONTGOMERY.

Then by the universal law of love,
Which every bosom owns, I thee conjure.
A loving bride sits in my distant home,
Fair as thyself and rich in youthful charms,
And tearfully she pines for my return.
Oh, as you hope for love yourself, and hope
For bliss in love, divide not ruthlessly
Two hearts united by that sacred bond.

JOAN.

You do but rave unto your carnal gods,
Which have no sanctity for me. I know
Nought of that bond of love by which you plead;
Nor ever may I own its idle thrall.
Defend your life, for death doth summon you.

MONTGOMERY.

Nay, then have pity for my parents sad,
Who sigh for me at home: yourself, full sure,
Have parents who are racked by care for you.

JOAN.

Unhappy wretch! dost dare remind me thus
How many mothers of my native land
Have been made childless, and how many babes
Made fatherless, how many plighted brides
Wear widows' weeds, through your unholy strife?
Let England's mothers too now know the taste

Of our despair, and learn to shed the tears
Which France's pitiable wives have shed.

MONTGOMERY.

'Tis hard to die unwept in stranger's land.

JOAN.

Who bade ye come into the stranger's land,
To waste the blooming promise of our fields,
To hunt us from our hearths and homes, and hurl
War's firebrand in the quiet of our towns?
You dreamed already in your vain conceit
To plunge the freeborn Frank in thraldom's shame,
And tackle this great land like some poor skiff
To the proud bulwarks of your sea-girt home.
Ye fools, the destinies of France are hung
On God's throne; sooner might ye pluck a star
From out the constellation of the Bear,
Than e'er a hamlet from this mighty realm,
For ever one and indivisible.
Now is the day of vengeance come; no more
Shall you alive recross the sacred sea
Which God hath set as bound 'twixt us and you,
And ye have impiously overpassed.

MONTGOMERY.

Must I then die? I feel death's gruesome grasp!

JOAN.

Ay, die! Why dost thou tremble thus at death,
The inevitable lot of all? See me;
I'm but a girl, a simple shepherdess;
This hand all unaccustomed to the sword
Was wont to bear the herdsman's harmless crook;

Yet now I'm torn from my paternal roof,
From loving parents and from sisters dear;
Not by my choice, but called by God's decree,
His instrument of grievous woes to you;
And joyless, like some phantom of despair,
Must I pursue my fell, destroying course;
And when 'tis finished, I myself must fall.
No happy home-coming may Joan behold;
Full many of your nation must I slay,
Full many a widow make, but at the last,
I too must perish and fulfil my doom;
E'en so fulfil thine own; resume thy sword,
And let us fight for the sweet stake of life.

MONTGOMERY (*arising*).

Nay, if thou'rt mortal too, and canst be hurt
By mortal weapons, haply 'tis decreed
E'en to mine arm to send thee down to Hell,
And at a stroke to finish England's straits.
I'll place my fate in God's own gracious hands:
And thou, accursed maid, invite thy fiends
To come unto thine aid. Defend thy life!

(*He resumes his arms, and rushes on her. They fight. After a brief combat,* MONTGOMERY *falls. Martial music is heard.*)

SCENE VIII.

JOAN (*alone*).

Thine own feet brought thee to thy death—depart.

(*She quits the slain; and stands plunged in thought.*)

Exalted Virgin! wondrous is thy work

Within me, nerving mine unwarlike arm
With deadly power, with deadly spleen my heart.
In pity melts the soul, and the hand quakes
To mar the adversary's blooming form,
As if it broke some temple's sacred shrine.
Erst I did shudder at the naked steel;
Yet when 'tis need, the needful power is mine;
And in my trembling hand the unerring sword
Directs itself, like some fell thing of life.

SCENE IX.—*A Knight with visor closed.* JOAN.

KNIGHT.

Accursed thing! thy final hour is come.
I've sought thee on the whole ensanguined field;
Destructive phantom, now shalt thou return
Unto the Hell from whence thou art emerged.

JOAN.

Who art thou, whom thine evil angel sends
To meet my sword? Yet princely is thy port,
Nor dost thou seem to be a British chief;
Since thou dost bear the badge of Burgundy,
At sight of which I sink my threatening point.

KNIGHT.

Base juggler, thou deservest not to die
By princely hand; more fit the headsman's axe
Should rend that cursed head from its vile trunk;
And not the honourable stainless steel
Of kingly Burgundy's exalted Duke.

JOAN.

Then art thou truly Burgundy himself?

KNIGHT (*raising his visor*).

'Tis I, deceiver; tremble and despair;
The arts of Satan shield thee now no more;
Ere this thou hast but weaklings overcome,
But now thou must do battle with a man.

SCENE X.—DUNOIS *and* LA HIRE *enter to the preceding.*

DUNOIS.

Turn, Burgundy, and fight with men, not girls.

LA HIRE.

We shield the God-sent Maiden's sacred head;
First must thou turn thy steel against this breast.

BURGUNDY.

Neither this wanton Circe do I fear,
Nor you whom she so foully hath bewitched.
Blush, Bastard, and La Hire, for very shame
Thus to degrade your ancient chivalry
To devil's arts, and e'en to make yourselves
Base pages to a hell-begotten wench.
Come on, I brave you all; he who despairs
Of Heaven's help alone seeks Satan's aid.

(*They prepare to fight.* JOAN *steps between them.*)

JOAN.

Nay, pause!

BURGUNDY.

Dost tremble for thy paramour?
He dies before thine eyes.

(*He rushes on* DUNOIS.)

JOAN.

Desist, I say,
Part them, La Hire; no Gallic blood shall flow.
'Tis not the sword shall arbitrate this strife,
All otherwise hath it been ruled on high.
Part ye, I say; the Spirit hear and fear
Which fills me and which speaks to you by me.

DUNOIS.

Why dost thou hinder mine uplifted arm,
And stay the bloody judgment of the sword?
The steel is bared, and ready is the stroke
Which France at once avenges and unites.

JOAN (*to* DUNOIS).

Stand thou aside.

(*To* LA HIRE.)

And thou, be motionless.
E'en let me reason with this errant Duke—

(*After a pause; when tranquillity is established.*)

What wouldst thou, Burgundy; who is the foe
Thy glances seek with murderous desire?
This noble Prince is France's son as thou;
This knight thy countryman and mate in arms;
Myself a daughter of thy fatherland.
We all, whom thou art striving to destroy,
Belong in sooth to thee; our friendly arms
Are ready to embrace thee, and our knees

To do thee homage—yea, our very swords
Against thee have no point; by us the face,
Even in hostile helm, must be revered
Which wears the much-loved features of our King.

BURGUNDY.

How, Siren, wouldst thou lure thy sacrifice
With flattering tones of honeyed eloquence?
Deceiver, thou befool'st me not; mine ear
Is fortified against thy snares of speech,
E'en as the fiery arrows of thine eye
Glance from the goodly harness on my breast.
Betake thee to thy sword, Dunois; with strokes,
And not with wordy warfare, let us fight.

DUNOIS.

First words, then strokes; or haply dost thou dread
The voice of reason? That were cowardice,
And token of a weak and sorry cause.

JOAN.

No stern necessity hath brought us now
Unto thy feet; and not as suppliants
Appear we here; nay, look around thee, Duke.
The English leaguer lies in ashes strewn;
The battle-field is cumbered with your dead.
Hark to the war trumps of triumphant France!
God hath decided—victory is ours;
And yet our fair and fresh-plucked laurel wreath
We'd gladly share with thee, our natural friend.
Come back to us, thou noble renegade,
Back to the cause where right and might are joined.
Myself, the heaven-sent maid, extend to thee

A sister's hand; I'd fain deliver thee,
And win thee over to our righteous cause.
Heaven is for France—the angel hosts of Heaven,
Though all unseen by thee, fight for our King,
All garlanded with France's fleur-de-lis.
Pure as this snow-white banner is our cause;
The spotless Virgin is its symbol chaste.

BURGUNDY.

Falsehood's beguiling voice is full of snares;
And yet her speech rings truthful as a child's.
If evil spirits lend the words she speaks,
Right well they ape the tones of innocence.
I'll hear no more—to arms, I say, to arms!
Mine ear, methinks, is weaker than my arm.

JOAN.

Thou call'st me sorceress, and chargest me
With arts of Hell—Say, then, is founding peace,
And reconciling feud, the work of Hell?
Came ever concord from the infernal pool;
What's blameless, holy, and becoming man,
If not to battle for the fatherland?
When to herself was Nature so opposed
That Heaven should desert the righteous cause,
And fiends of Hell should be its champions?
But if the words I speak to thee be good,
Whence could I draw them save from God alone?
Who else hath visited my lowly home,
And taught the simple artless shepherd maid
The things of monarchs and of royal state?
Ne'er have I dwelt in any Prince's court;
The arts of speech are foreign to my tongue;

Yet when I need them to impress thy heart,
Knowledge is mine, and skill of lofty things;
All the concerns of States and Sovereigns
Lie clear before my simple girlish eyes;
And with my lips I wield the thunderbolt.

BURGUNDY (*raises his eyes, and looks on her with wonder and emotion*).

What's this I feel? as if the hand of God
Did stir my bosom to its inmost core.
She's no deceiver, this enchanting form;
And if I'm blinded by some magic spell,
Sure 'tis the magic of a heavenly power.
My heart doth tell me she is sent of God.

JOAN.

His heart is moved—not vainly have I sued.
See how the thunder-cloud of anger melts
In dew of tears upon his haughty front;
And from his eye in gladsome beams doth burst
The golden sunshine of returning love.
Down with your arms—Come, press ye heart to heart.
He weeps—he's won—he's ours!

(*She drops her sword and banner, hastens towards him with extended arms, and embraces him with passionate warmth.* LA HIRE *and* DUNOIS *also lower their weapons, and embrace him.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Royal camp at Chalons on the Marne.*

DUNOIS AND LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

La Hire, we've long been friends and mates in arms,
For the same quarrel we unsheathed our swords,
And clung together firm in deadliest straits;
Let not the love of woman rive the bond
Which hath withstood all fortune's starkest strains.

LA HIRE.

Prince, hear me!

DUNOIS.

Nay, you love the wondrous Maid:
And well I wot the purpose of your heart;
You think to hasten straightway to the King,
And crave the Maiden as your valour's meed:
Sure he can ne'er begrudge the well-earned prize;
But know full well: ere in another's arms
I see her——

LA HIRE.

Hear me, Prince!

DUNOIS.

I'm drawn to her
By no light fleeting fancy of the eye;
My steadfast pulses never woman yet

Hath stirred till I beheld the mystic Maid
Whom a divine appointment hath assigned
To free our country, and to be my spouse.
In that same hour I vowed unto myself,
With solemn oath, to lead her home as bride;
For none but heroine can consort be
Of hero husband: and my glowing heart
Yearns to repose on a congenial breast,
Which may appreciate and sustain its might.

LA HIRE.

'Twould ill beseem me, Prince, my small deserts
To measure with thy name's heroic fame:
Where'er Dunois doth place him in the lists,
Must every meaner rival stand aside;
But yet, methinks, a lowly shepherd maid
Were sure no worthy partner of thy lot;
The kingly blood which flows within thy veins
Would scorn to blend with such a humble stream.

DUNOIS.

Nay, but she's holy Nature's god-like child,
E'en as myself: she is my peer in birth.
Would she dishonour any prince's hand,
Who's meet to be the spotless Angel's mate;
Whose head is circled by a light divine
More brilliant far than any earthly crown:
While all the greatest, highest things of earth
Lie small and dwindling far beneath her feet;
Since all the thrones of princes, e'en if piled
In one great heap, and reared unto the stars,
Would fail to reach the height whereon she stands
In angels' majesty!——

LA HIRE.

Then let the King decide.

DUNOIS.

Nay, she herself
Must here decide. She who hath freed the French
May well make free disposal of her heart.

LA HIRE.

Here comes the King.

SCENE II.—CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, DU CHATEL, *the Archbishop, and* CHATILLON, *enter to the preceding.*

CHARLES (*to* CHATILLON).

He comes, you say, and will acknowledge me
As his liege king, and do me fealty?

CHATILLON.

Yea, Sire, e'en here within thy royal town
Of Chalons, will the Duke my sovereign
Do homage at thy feet: he laid on me
Command to greet thee as my lord and king:
Hard by he comes, and will be here anon.

AGNES.

He comes! oh, beauteous dawning of this day
Which peace and joy and harmony restores.

CHATILLON.

My lord's attended by two hundred knights;
He'll make a show to kneel before thy feet,

Yet he expects thou wilt not suffer this,
But clasp him in a cousinly embrace.

CHARLES.

My bosom glows to throb in touch with his.

CHATILLON.

The Duke entreats that of your former feud
At this first friendly meeting ne'er a word
Be uttered.

CHARLES.

Nay, for ever let the past
Be sunk in Lethe.—Henceforth let us look
Unto the future's cloudless days alone.

CHATILLON.

He further craves that all who fought for him
Shall in your reconcilement be embraced.

CHARLES.

By this I shall but double my domain.

CHATILLON.

Likewise Queen Isabeau must be comprised
In your new harmony, if so she list.

CHARLES.

'Tis she who wars with me, not I with her;
Our strife is ended when she bids it cease.

CHATILLON.

Twelve knights shall furnish surety for thy word.

CHARLES.

My word is sacred.

CHATILLON.

The Archbishop then
Shall part the sacred wafer 'twixt ye two
As pledge and seal of your sincerity.

CHARLES.

So may I taste of everlasting bliss
E'en as my heart and handgrip are sincere.
What other warranty demands the Duke?

CHATILLON (*with a glance at* DU CHATEL).

Here see I one whose very presence here
Might well envenom your first interview.

CHARLES.

Du Chatel, go—until the Duke can bear
To look on you, be hidden from our sight.
(DU CHATEL *retires in silence;* CHARLES *follows and embraces him.*)
Right trusty friend, thou wouldst do more than this
For my contentment!

CHATILLON.

All the other points
Are specified within this instrument.

CHARLES (*to the Archbishop*).

E'en make it good; we ratify them all:
To win a friend we hold no price too high.

Speed thee, Dunois, taking as fitting train
A hundred noble knights, to greet the Duke.
Let all the soldiery be crowned with wreaths
To offer welcome to their new-found mates;
Let all the town be decked as for a feast,
And all the church bells jubilant proclaim
That France and Burgundy are friends again.
(*A Squire enters. Trumpets are heard.*)
Hark, hark! what signifies the trumpet's call?

SQUIRE.

The Duke of Burgundy his entry makes.

DUNOIS.

Come, haste we to meet him!
(*Goes with* LA HIRE *and* CHATILLON.)

CHARLES (*to* AGNES).

Agnes, you weep, and well-nigh I myself
Lack needful strength to meet this moving scene.
How many a sacrifice was death to claim
Ere we should meet again in friendly mood!
Yet wildest storms at last expend their spite;
So dawn comes after darkest night; and time
Doth ripen e'en the tardiest fruits of earth.

ARCHBISHOP (*at the casement*).

The Duke can hardly extricate himself
From out the throng; they lift him from his steed
And kiss his mantle and his very spurs.

CHARLES.

Ay, 'tis an honest people, in its love
As in its anger swiftly blazing up.

How soon, alas, how soon do they forget
This very Duke did slay their sires and sons;
The passing moment swallows all the past:
Compose thee, Agnes, e'en thy very joy
Might prove another thorn unto his soul;
Let nought embarrass, nought disturb him here.

SCENE III.—*To the preceding enter the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, CHATILLON, *and two other knights of the Duke's train. The Duke pauses at the entrance.* CHARLES *advances towards him.* BURGUNDY *approaches, and as he is about to sink on one knee,* CHARLES *clasps him in his arms.*

CHARLES.

You have outsped us; it was our intent
To grace your entry; but your steeds are fleet.

BURGUNDY.

Ay, for they bore me upon duty's path.
(*To* AGNES SOREL, *as he kisses her brow.*)
Fair cousin, by your leave; I but exact
My Arras rights of lordship; well I wot
No beauteous vassal would deny my claim.

CHARLES.

Thy court, men say, is gallantry's abode,
The emporium and mart of all that's fair.

BURGUNDY.

In sooth, my king, we are a trading folk;
The best and costliest goods of every clime

Are aye exposed for view and use at Bruges;
But woman's charms are still the best of wares.

AGNES.

Nay, woman's truth is worth a higher meed,
And yet 'tis seldom seen within our marts.

CHARLES.

Cousin, you stand in sinister repute,
Flouting at virtue, woman's fairest grace.

BURGUNDY.

Such heresy chastises most itself.
Happy art thou, my king, whose heart betimes
Hath taught thee truths which I, alas, too late
Have gleaned from teachings of a stormy life.
(*He observes the Archbishop, and extends to him his hand.*)
Right reverend man of God, thy benison!
Thou'rt ever to be found at duty's post:
Who looks for thee must tread in virtue's path.

ARCHBISHOP.

Now let my Master call me when he will;
This heart with joy is sated; gladly now
Would I depart since I have seen this day.

BURGUNDY (*to* AGNES).

'Tis said you stripped yourself of all your gauds
To forge the tools of war against myself;
How, are you then of such a warlike mood,
And was your wish to ruin me so fell?
But now our feud is spent, and all's restored

Which in its devastating course was lost;
E'en your array of trinkets hath been found;
'Twas destined for my damage in our war,
Now take it from me as the gage of peace.

(*He takes from one of his attendants a casket of jewels and hands it to* AGNES, *who looks with hesitation towards the King.*)

CHARLES.

Nay, take the gift, a dear and double pledge
Of love to me, and harmony with thee.

BURGUNDY (*placing a circlet of diamonds on her brow*).

Why is not this the royal crown of France?
With equal readiness of heart I'd bind
That regal circlet on this beauteous brow;
And (*pressing her hand significantly*) count on me if e'er you want a friend.

(AGNES, *deeply moved, steps aside.* CHARLES *controls his agitation. All present look with emotion on the two princes.*)

BURGUNDY (*turning to* CHARLES, *and throwing himself into his arms*).

Oh! my liege king, how could I bear thee hate,
Or how desert thy cause!

(*The Burgundian knights embrace* DUNOIS, LA HIRE, *and the Archbishop.*)

CHARLES.

Hush, say no more.

BURGUNDY.

That I should help to crown this Englishman,
Should swear allegiance to the foreigner,
And strive to ruin thee, my sovereign!

CHARLES.

Forget it, cousin, all is now atoned;
This single moment blots out all the past;
'Twas destiny; 'twas some malignant star.

BURGUNDY (*seizing his hand*).

I'll make it good, believe me that I will;
Your wrongs shall each and all be now redressed;
Your realm shall be restored to you entire;
Not e'en a hamlet of it shall be lost.

CHARLES.

Now we're united—now I fear no foe.

BURGUNDY.

Oh! credit me, it was with no light heart
I warred against you—oh! had you but known!
Why used you not this fair ambassadress?
(*Pointing to* AGNES.)
I never had withstood the tears of such.
But now no power of Hell shall part us more,
Since we have clasped each other heart to heart.
Now have I found my true, my rightful, post;
And all my wandering ends in your embrace.

ARCHBISHOP (*stepping between them*).

Princes, I hail your harmony;—now France
A fresh resuscitated phœnix soars;

A smiling future beckons to us now;
Our country's gaping wounds shall now be healed;
Our wasted villages and towns shall rise
From out their ruins lustier than before;
Our fields shall clothe themselves with new-born green;
But they, alas, the victims of your strife,
The dead, come not to life again; the tears
Your feuds have caused can never be unwept.
The coming generation may be blest:
Its predecessor fell a prey to woe.
The grandsons' joy wakes not the sleeping sires.
Such are the fruits of fratricidal strife!
Be taught by this, and, ere ye bare the sword,
Dread the Divinity which rules the sword.
The mighty can at pleasure kindle war,
But oh! not tamely, as the docile hawk
Stoops from the welkin to the hunter's hand,
The blustering war-god heeds the hests of men;
Nor opportunely comes a second time,
As now, the arm of rescue from the skies.

BURGUNDY.

Ay, sire, an angel hovers at your side,
Where is she, why, oh! why is she not here?

CHARLES.

Where is Joanna? wherefore fails she now,
In this fair festal moment which we owe
To her high prowess?

ARCHBISHOP.

Sire, the holy Maid
Loves not the leisure of an idle court,
And, save when summoned by the voice of God,

To face the garish world, she coyly shuns
The prying gazes of the general eye.
Be sure she communes with her God what time
She is not busied for the weal of France;
On all her steps a benison is shed.

SCENE IV.—JOAN *enters to the preceding, clad in armour, but without her helmet, and wearing a wreath on her tresses.*

CHARLES.

Thou com'st, Joanna, as a priestess decked,
To consecrate the union thou didst found.

BURGUNDY.

How awful was the maiden in the fray,
In peace how beams she with a gentle grace!
Joanna, have I now redeemed my word;
Art now content; and have I won thy smile?

JOAN.

Nay, thou hast most done reason to thyself;
Now thou dost shine with a benignant light,
Who erst with sinister and blood-red gleam
Didst hang a baleful orb upon our sky.
(*Looking around.*)
Full many noble knights are mustered here,
And every eye with festal rapture beams,
Yet one poor sorrower alone I ween
Still pines in hiding when all else rejoice.

BURGUNDY.

Who is the man with conscience so surcharged
That he must of our clemency despair?

JOAN.

May he approach? Oh! say he may draw nigh;
Fill up the measure of thy fair deserts;
That reconciliation sure is nought
Which doth not wholly purge the sullen breast;
One drop of rancour left in concord's cup
Turns into poison all the blessed draught;
No wrong can be so fell that Burgundy
Should grudge it pardon on this gladsome day.

BURGUNDY.

Ha, I perceive thy drift.

JOAN.

And wilt forgive;
Ay, Duke, thou wilt—Du Chatel, come within.
(*She opens the door, and leads in* Du Chatel, *who stands retired in the background.*)
The Duke is reconciled to all his foes,
Ay, even unto thee.

(Du Chatel *advances a few paces, and scans the features of the Duke.*)

BURGUNDY.

What would you make
Of me, Joanna; know you what you ask?

JOAN.

The gracious host doth ope his portals wide
To every wanderer, and none excludes.
Free as the firmament doth span the poles,
So charity must friend and foe embrace.
The sun sends forth his beaming rays alike
To every quarter of infinitude;

Impartially the heaven sheds its dew
On every languishing and thirsty plant,
And every good which cometh from on high
Is universal and is unreserved;
Only in earth's recesses darkness dwells.

BURGUNDY.

Oh! she can mould me howsoe'er she will;
My heart's but yielding wax within her hand.
Embrace me, Du Chatel;—thou art forgiven.
Shade of my father! be not wroth that I
In friendship grasp the hand which took thy life!
Avenging Furies! blot from out your book
That I my dreadful oath of vengeance break;
'Mid you down yonder in eternal night
No sentient pulses beat; in your dread realm
All stands unchangeable and fixed for aye;
Far other is it in the realms of light;
Man, sport of feeling's every gust, must bow
To the resistless might of circumstance.

CHARLES (*to* JOAN).

What owe I not to thee, exalted Maid;
How gloriously hast thou thy word fulfilled;
How swift reversed the currents of my lot!
My friends thou hast restored to me, my foes
Hurled in the dust beneath me, and my towns
Delivered from the stranger's yoke—all this
Thy single arm hath wrought—now name thy meed.

JOAN.

Be ever gentle, sire, when fortune smiles,
As in misfortune thou wert ever so;

And on the summit of prosperity
Think on the value of a friend in need;
Right precious lesson of adversity.
Never withhold thy justice or thy grace
E'en from thy meanest vassal; still bethink
God called thy saviour from the shepherd's cot.
All France shalt thou unite beneath thy sway;
Thou'lt be the ancestor of mighty kings:
Thy followers upon the throne shall be
More glorious than thy predecessors were;
Thy race shall bloom so long as it retains
Deep planted in its heart its people's love.
Pride only can precipitate its fall;
And from the lowly huts, like that which now
Sent forth thy saviour, looms menace dark
Of ruin to thy guilt-stained followers.

BURGUNDY.

Illumined virgin, by the Spirit taught,
If thou canst penetrate the future's veil,
Then tell me also of my race; shall it
Expand in glory, as it glorious rose?

JOAN.

Burgundy, to the level of the throne
Thou'st raised thy seat; and still thy swelling heart
Would strive to rear unto the very clouds
The daring structure; but the arm of God
Shall swiftly stay its overweening growth.
Yet fear not quite the downfall of thy house,
For through a maiden it shall bloom afresh;
And sceptre-wielding sovereigns, pastors true
To all their subject folk, shall spring from her.

These kings shall sit upon two mighty thrones,
Dictate their laws to all the world we know,
And to a new one which the hand of God
As yet conceals behind untravelled seas.

CHARLES.

Oh! say, if haply 'tis revealed to you,
The loving union we this day renew,
Shall it our late posterity combine?

JOAN (*after a pause*).

Ye kings and sovereigns, dissension fear:
Oh! rouse not Discord from the gloomy den
Wherein she slumbers, for, if once aroused,
She is not lightly stilled, but rears a brood
Of grandsons grim, an iron progeny;
And war's red torch still kindles brand on brand.
Enquire no more—enjoy the passing hour;
The future let me leave in silence veiled.

AGNES.

Most holy Maiden, thou dost read my heart,
And knowest if it vainly sighs for pomps;
To me too speak a gracious oracle.

JOAN.

The Spirit shows me empires' fates alone.
Thy destinies are locked within thy breast.

DUNOIS.

Then say what destiny awaits thyself,
Exalted Maiden, favourite of Heaven;
The fairest lot of earth sure blooms for thee,
Since thou so gracious and so holy art.

JOAN.

Joy dwells in the eternal Father's breast.

CHARLES.

Thy joy shall henceforth be thy Monarch's care;
Yea, I shall make thy name renowned in France;
And latest centuries shall call thee blest;
E'en now for earnest on't—Joanna, kneel.
(*He draws his sword and touches her with it.*)
Now rise a noble; for thy Monarch's hand
Hath purged the baseness of thy lowly birth,
Ennobling even in the grave the dust
Of thy progenitors; the fleur-de-lis
Henceforth thy blazon be, and thou shalt rank
As peer of all that's noblest in the land;
The blood of Valois' royal race alone
Be henceforth deemed more generous than thine;
The proudest of my peers now well might feel
Still prouder for the honour of thy hand;
Be't mine to wed thee to a noble mate.

DUNOIS (*stepping forward*).

My heart did choose her in her lowly state;
The new-born honours which now grace her head
Enhance nor her desert nor my true love.
Here in the presence of my Sovereign
And this good bishop, I declare my suit,
And crave her to become my princely bride,
If so she deem me worthy of the prize.

CHARLES.

Resistless Maiden, ever wonders fresh
On wonders dost thou heap; now well I wot

That nought's impossible to thee, since thus
This haughty heart thou hast subdued, which erst
Mocked at the universal sway of love.

LA HIRE (*advancing*).

If I have rightly read Joanna's heart,
Her fairest ornament's her humble mind;
The homage of the greatest fits her well,
Yet she ambitions not a lofty place,
Nor idly seeks the giddy heights of life.
The true devotion of an honest heart
Is all she covets, and the tranquil lot
Which with this hand I proffer to her here.

CHARLES.

Thou too, La Hire!—two goodly suitors sure,
Equals in bravery and warlike fame.
Joan, thou hast reconciled to me my foes,
And unified my kingdom; wilt thou now
My dearest friends divide? Of these but one
Can win this prize which each deserves so well.
Speak, for thy heart alone can here decide.

AGNES (*drawing nearer*).

Ye're over hasty with the noble Maid;
Her cheek is crimsoned o'er with chaste reserve;
Let her have time to catechise her heart;
To trust to me her friend, and burst the seal
Which hides the secrets of her close-locked breast.
Now is the moment come when even I
May sister-like approach the unbending Maid;
Tendering to her the asylum sure

Of this true bosom—let us womanlike
This woman's matter ponder; and await
That which we shall resolve.

CHARLES.

E'en be it so.

JOAN.

Not so, my liege, the thought which dyed my cheek
Was no coy scruple of a prudish girl;
Nor have I aught to tell this noble dame
Which I need blush to utter unto men.
These high-born knights much grace me by their choice;
But I abandoned not my shepherd's cot
To chase the empty shadows of the world;
Nor did I don this iron panoply
To bind a bridal wreath upon my brow.
All other is the task to which I'm called;
And nought can work it but a virgin's hand.
I am the warrior of the Lord most high;
And never can I be the bride of man.

ARCHBISHOP.

Woman was made to be man's loving mate;
And when she hearkens unto nature's voice,
She renders worthiest service to her God.
When once thou hast fulfilled the Lord's command,
Which summoned thee unto the field of strife,
Then 'twill be time to lay thy weapons down,
And turn once more unto the softer sex,
Which for a space thou hast abjured; a sex
Not destined to the bloody trade of war.

JOAN.

Right reverend sir, I may not yet pronounce
What work the Spirit may prescribe to me;
But when the time is ripe, the heavenly voice
Full sure will speak, and I full sure obey;
Meanwhile it bids me to complete my task.
My monarch's brow is not yet crowned; not yet
His head anointed with the holy oil;
Not yet my master hath been hailed as king.

CHARLES.

Ay, but we've entered on our march to Rheims.

JOAN.

Let us not loiter on it, for around
The foe seeks busily to bar the way;
Yet I will bring thee thither through them all.

DUNOIS.

But when the goodly work shall be fulfilled,
When we have entered Rheims as conquerors,
Wilt then accept my suit, thou holy Maid?

JOAN.

If Heaven wills that I, with victory crowned,
Shall e'er return from out this deadly strife,
Then is my task complete—the shepherd maid
Hath then no more concern with courts or kings.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

The Spirit's voice still whispers to thee; Love
Is silent in the heart that's filled with God;

But, trust me, he will not be always mute.
War's din shall one day cease, and triumph's hand
Shall bring again the gladsome days of peace.
Then joy to every bosom shall return,
And gentler feelings wake in every heart;
Ay, even in thy breast shall they awake;
Then shalt thou tears of tender yearning shed,
Such as thine eyes ne'er shed before; this heart,
Now occupied with Heaven alone, shall then
Tenderly turn to a terrestrial love;
Now as a saviour thou hast thousands blessed;
Thou'lt end by sweetening the lot of one.

JOAN.

Oh! Dauphin! doth the mission from on high
Already pall on you? Since still you seek
Thus to destroy its chosen instrument;
Down dragging to the common dust of earth
The maiden pure whom God hath sent to you.
Ye blinded hearts, hearts destitute of faith,
The glory of the skies around you shines,
Unfolding all its wonders to your eyes,
And yet in me ye but a woman see!
Could one that was no more than woman don
The warlike mail and mix in manly strife?
Woe to me if my hand the avenging sword
Of Heaven bore, while yet my idle heart
Cherished a longing for a mortal man;
Better for me that I had ne'er been born.
No more of this, lest ye provoke to wrath
The holy Spirit which within me dwells.
The very look of carnal suitors' eyes
Profanes my mission and revolts my heart.

CHARLES.

Break off—'tis vain to seek to shake her will.

JOAN.

Then bid the war-trumps blow a martial blast,
This armistice weighs heavy on my soul,
My spirit yearns to quit its dull repose;
Imperious inward voices urge me on
To work my mission and fulfil my fate.

SCENE V.—*To the preceding enters a Knight in haste.*

CHARLES.

What now?

KNIGHT.

The enemy hath crossed the Marne,
And forms his line for fight!

JOAN (*with enthusiasm*).

Hail, war and strife!
Now my glad spirit shakes its fetters off.
To arms!—I'll set your battle in array.
(*She hastens away.*)

CHARLES.

La Hire, attend her. At the very gates
Of Rheims must we do battle for our crown.

DUNOIS.

Nay, sire, no hearty spirit fires the foe;
'Tis the last spasm of helpless, wild despair.

CHARLES.

Burgundy needs no spur from me—this day
Shall make amends for all the mournful past.

BURGUNDY.

Sure I'll content my liege.

CHARLES.

And I myself
Will march before you upon glory's path,
And in the coronation city's view
Win back my crown—Agnes, thy duteous knight
Now takes his leave of thee.

AGNES (*embracing him*).

I may not weep,
Nor tremble for thee, sire; my steadfast faith
Is firmly anchored yonder in the skies;
So many pledges of the heavenly grace
Had ne'er been ours, if all's to end in woe.
My heart assures me I'll embrace my king,
With triumph's garland crowned, in conquered Rheims.

(*Martial music heard.*)

SCENE VI.—*An open plain bordered by trees. Drums and trumpets sound. In the background soldiers in rapid retreat.* TALBOT *grievously wounded, supported by* FASTOLF *and attended by soldiers. Presently* LIONEL.

TALBOT.

E'en set me down beneath these sheltering trees;
And then betake ye to the field again;
I need no ministering help to die.

FASTOLF.

Oh! woful, oh! most lamentable day!
See what a sight awaits you, Lionel;
Here lies our leader wounded to the death!

LIONEL.

Nay, God forbid!—my noble lord, arise;
No fitting time is this to flag or fall;
Yield not to death; but with your strenuous will
Command your sinking powers to live a while.

TALBOT.

'Tis vain—the hour of destiny hath struck
When England's sovereignty in France must fall.
Vainly in desperate and hopeless fight
I ventured this last stake to ward it off.
As by the levin blasted here I lie,
No more to rise again.—Since Rheims is lost,
Haste ye to succour Paris.

LIONEL.

Paris hath with the Dauphin come to terms;
E'en now a courier hath brought the news.

TALBOT (*tearing off his bandages*).

Then gush, ye crimson currents of my life,
For now I loathe the very light of day!

LIONEL.

I may not tarry.—Fastolf, bring the chief
To some asylum safe; we dare not hope
Much longer to maintain this vantage-ground;
Our people now disperse on every side;
Resistless still the maiden presses on.

TALBOT.

Delusion triumphs, and I must succumb;
With folly e'en the gods contend in vain.
Exalted Reason! thou illumined child
Of brain celestial; thou foundress sage
Of the world's fabric; pilot of the spheres;
What art thou then, and what avails thy skill,
If thou, to Folly's frenzied courser bound,
Self-conscious plaything of the drunken jade,
With helpless cries must plunge in the abyss!
Curst be the man who strives to mould his life
By lofty principle or worthy aim,
With shallow sapience weaving well-thought plans.
The Fool King rules the world!

LIONEL.

Alack, my lord,
You have few moments left of life, oh! think
On your Creator.

TALBOT.

Had we as brave men
By braver still been worsted, then we might
Console us, calling it the spleen of Fate,
Which, ever changeful, spins her fickle wheel;
But, to be foiled by such a vulgar sham!
Did all the earnest labour of a life
Deserve no worthier finishing than this?

LIONEL (*giving him his hand*).

My lord, farewell, the tribute of my tears
I'll duly pay you when the fight is o'er;
If I be living then; meanwhile the voice
Of Fate doth summon me, which on the field

Still grim presides and shakes her awful lots.
Now to our meeting in a happier world;
Brief is our parting who so long were friends.

(*He goes.*)

TALBOT.

My pangs will soon be past; and then to earth,
And to the everlasting elements,
These poor material atoms shall return,
Erewhile the seat of fleeting joys and pains.
Of mighty Talbot, he whose martial fame
Once filled a world, no more shall now remain
Than a poor heap of dust—so to his end
Goes man; and all the spoil he bears away
From life's brief struggle is the withering sense
That all is despicable, all is nought,
Which here we covet and esteem so great.

SCENE VII.—CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, *and soldiers enter on the field.*

BURGUNDY.

The palisade is stormed!

DUNOIS.

The day is ours!

CHARLES (*perceiving* TALBOT).

But who is yon who from the blessed sun
Reluctant takes his difficult farewell?
His arms declare him not a common man;
Haste to his aid, if aid be not too late.

(*Soldiers of the King approach the spot.*)

FASTOLF.

Stand back! begone, and reverence in death
Him whom in life ye never dared approach.

BURGUNDY.

What's this—'tis Talbot weltering in his blood!

(*He approaches* TALBOT, *who eyes him with a fixed and stony look, and dies.*)

FASTOLF.

Back, Burgundy; let not the traitor's sight
Poison the dying hero's latest hour.

DUNOIS.

Dread Talbot—Talbot the invincible!
Art now content with such a span of earth,
Whose giant spirit's soaring purpose once
The whole wide plains of France could scarce suffice?
Now only, sire, can you be hailed as king:
For sure the crown still reeled upon your brow
So long as life within this body dwelt.

CHARLES (*after silently contemplating the dead*).

A mightier hand than mine hath laid him low.
Here lies he now upon the lap of France,
Like some great warrior resting on the shield
He hugged while life remained.—Come, bear him hence;
Peace to his dust—here in the heart of France
I'll rear a fitting record of his fame;
And where the hero fell, there let him sleep.
No hostile sword e'er pushed so far as his;
His resting-place shall be his epitaph.

FASTOLF (*surrendering his sword*).

Sire, I am now thy prisoner.

CHARLES (*returning his sword to him*).

Not so;
Rude war itself respects each pious rite;
Follow your chief in freedom to his grave.
Haste, Du Chatel, to lull the anxious cares
Which rack my Agnes; glad her with the news
That I still live, and that we've won the day.
Conduct her now in triumph into Rheims.

(DU CHATEL *goes.*)

SCENE VIII.—LA HIRE *enters to the preceding.*

DUNOIS.

La Hire, where is the Maid?

LA HIRE.

Nay, thou shouldst know;
E'en now I left her fighting by thy side.

DUNOIS.

Methought she had the safeguard of thine arm
What time I hastened to support the king.

BURGUNDY.

A moment back I saw her snow-white flag
Waving amid the thickest of the foe.

DUNOIS.

Alack! where can she be? I bode mischance.
Come, haste we to her aid;—too far, I fear,

Her daring spirit hath impelled her on;
Ringed round by foes she haply fights alone;
Unsuccoured, soon she must to numbers yield.

CHARLES.

Haste to her aid.

LA HIRE.

I go—come, come!

BURGUNDY.

Come all!

(*They hasten away.*)

SCENE IX.—*A lonely part of the battle-field. The towers of Rheims are seen in the distance, illumined by the sun. A Knight appears, equipped in sable armour, with visor closed.* JOAN *pursues him to the foreground, where he stands and meets her.*

JOAN.

Deceiver, now have I unmasked thy wiles;
Thou hast by treacherous pretence of flight
Decoyed me from the field, and death and doom
Hast turned aside from many a British head;
But now perdition overtakes thyself!

BLACK KNIGHT.

Why dost thou dog me thus, and glue thyself
Thus fiercely to my footsteps? Unto me
'Tis not decreed to fall beneath thy hand.

JOAN.

Hateful art thou unto my inmost soul
As the mirk night, thy sable armour's type;

I'm urged by irresistible desire
To quench thee from the blessed light of day.
What art thou? Raise thy visor; had I not
Seen warlike Talbot sink upon the field,
I had full sure divined that thou wert he.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Is the prophetic voice within thee mute?

JOAN.

It whispers plainly to my boding soul
That now misfortune standeth at my side.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Oh! Joan of Arc, e'en to the gates of Rheims
Hath victory borne thee on triumphant wing;
Content thee with this triumph; now dismiss
That Fortune which so far hath been thy slave,
Ere she in wrath release herself—true faith
She loathes, and serves no master to the end.

JOAN.

What! would'st thou bid me in my mid career
Basely to halt and leave my work undone?
Nay, I'll complete it and fulfil my vow.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Nought can withstand thee, thou resistless Maid;
In every fight thou conquerest; but go
No more into the fight—my warning heed.

JOAN.

My hand shall never lay aside the sword
Till domineering England be laid low.

BLACK KNIGHT.

See, yonder rear themselves the towers of Rheims,
Thy mission's end and goal; the lofty dome
Of her cathedral gleams within thy sight.
There would'st thou enter in triumphant pomp,
And crown thy king, and satisfy thine oath.
Go not therein—turn back—my warning heed.

JOAN.

What art thou, double-tongued deceitful thing,
That would'st essay to scare me from my path?
How dost thou venture lying oracles
Falsely to foist upon mine ear?
(*The Black Knight seeks to go; she bars his way.*)
Nay, stand,
And give account, or perish by my sword.
(*She aims a stroke at him.*)

BLACK KNIGHT (*lays his hand on her, and she remains motionless*).

Slay that which can be slain!—
(*Darkness, thunder and lightning. The Knight vanishes.*)

JOAN (*after a moment's stupefaction, swiftly recovering herself*).

It was no thing of life; some juggling shape
Of Hell it was; some foul rebellious sprite
Up hovering from out the fiery pool,
To shake the sterner nature in my breast.
Whom fear I when I wield the sword of God?
Triumphantly shall I fulfil my course;

If Hell itself should venture in the lists,
My resolution shall not reel or fail.

(*She is about to go.*)

SCENE X.—*To her enters* LIONEL.

LIONEL.

Accursed thing, now gird thee for the fray;
Not both of us may live to quit this spot;
The best of all our people hast thou slain;
E'en noble Talbot hath his mighty soul
Breathed out upon my breast; but I'll avenge
My valiant leader; or I'll share his fate.
That thou may'st know who thus would lend thee fame,
Whate'er the issue be—I'm Lionel,
The last of all the leaders of our host;
But still unconquered is this puissant arm.

(*He rushes on her. After a brief combat she strikes the sword out of his hand.*)

Ah! faithless Fortune!

(*He grapples with her.* JOAN *grasps his plume from behind, and violently tears his helmet off, so that his face is seen. At the same moment she aims a stroke at him.*)

JOAN.

Suffer that you sought;
The Holy Virgin slays you by mine arm!

(*At this moment she scans his features; his countenance moves her powerfully; she is rooted to the spot; and slowly sinks her sword.*)

LIONEL.

Why dost thou hesitate and stay thy stroke?
As thou hast ta'en my fame, now take my life;
I'm in thy power, no mercy do I seek.
(*She makes a sign to him to quit the spot.*)
What, basely flee, and owe my life to thee!
Nay, better far to die!—

JOAN (*with averted face*).

I would ignore that e'er this life of thine
Was given into my hand.—

LIONEL.

I spurn thee, and I spurn thy mercy more;
I crave no quarter;—slay thine enemy,
Who hates thee, and who sought thy life.

JOAN.

Slay *me*,
And fly!

LIONEL.

Ha, what is this?

JOAN (*hiding her face*).

Oh! woe is me!

LIONEL (*approaching her*).

Thou slayest, so men say, all Englishmen
Thou dost subdue in fight, then wherefore spare
Me only?

JOAN (*suddenly raises her sword as if to strike; but when she looks upon his face, she swiftly lowers it again*).

Holy Virgin!

LIONEL.

Wherefore name
The Holy One? She knows thee not; and Heaven
Hath no concern with thee.

JOAN (*in vehement anguish*).

Alas! Alas!
What have I done—I've broke my sacred vow!
(*She wrings her hands despairingly.*)

LIONEL (*regarding her with sympathy, and drawing nearer*).

Unhappy maid! in sooth I pity thee;
Thou movest me, for thou hast mercy shown
To me alone; I feel that all my hate
Hath ebbed within me;—I must be thy friend.
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

JOAN.

Hence—flee!

LIONEL.

Thy youth doth touch me, and thy beauty too;
Thy glance doth pierce my heart; full willingly
I'd rescue thee; oh! point me but the way.
Come! come! renounce the hateful league you serve;
Cast from you all these grim accoutrements.

JOAN.

Ay, I'm unworthy now to bear them more!

LIONEL.

Then swiftly cast them off, and follow me.

JOAN (*with horror*).

What! follow thee!

LIONEL.

Follow—thou canst be saved;
Ay, I'll deliver thee—but linger not;
I'm filled with mighty sympathy for thee,
And with a nameless yearning for thy weal.
(*He grasps her arm.*)

JOAN.

The Bastard nears—'tis they—they seek for me!
Oh! if they find thee here!

LIONEL.

I'll be thy guard.

JOAN.

I die if thou should'st fall beneath their swords!

LIONEL.

Am I then dear to thee?

JOAN.

Oh! Saints of heaven!

LIONEL.

Shall I again behold thee—hear thy voice?

JOAN.

Never!

LIONEL (*snatching her sword*).

Nay, then, this sword shall be a pledge
That I again shall see thee.

JOAN.

Madman, hold!

LIONEL.

I yield to numbers; but I'll see thee yet.

(*He goes.*)

SCENE XI.—*Enter* DUNOIS *and* LA HIRE.

LA HIRE.

She lives—'tis she!

DUNOIS.

Joanna, have no fear;
Thy friends in force are standing by thy side.

LA HIRE.

Flees Lionel not yonder?

DUNOIS.

Let him flee.
Joanna, the good cause hath won the day;
Rheims opens wide her gates, and all her folk
Stream forth exultingly to hail their king.

LA HIRE.

What ails the maid?—she blenches—see, she sinks!

(JOAN *totters, and is like to fall.*)

DUNOIS.

Belike she's wounded—rive her corslet loose—
'Tis in her arm—'tis but a surface scratch.

LA HIRE.

Alack, her life-blood flows!

JOAN.

E'en let it flow;
And let my life flow with it!—

(*She sinks fainting in the arms of* La Hire.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A hall festally decorated. Its pillars hung with wreaths. Music behind the scenes.*

JOAN.

Hushed is the din of arms ;
All stilled are war's alarms ;
To bloody strife now blithe succeed
The dance and music's charms.
Hark, through the streets around
The joyous tabor's sound ;
Altar and church in festal pomp
All glorious are crowned.
In fair triumphal guise
See verdant boughs arise ;
On every column's slender shaft
Gay garlands greet our eyes.
E'en spacious Rheims is all too small
The concourse to contain
Of guests who flock with eager haste
To swell the gladsome train.

One joy fills every heart,
One thought fills every mind,
For they whom hate did part so late
Are now in love combined.
And all who can but claim

To bear a Gallic name,
Now bear it all the prouder
For its renovated fame;
Since France redoubled glory
For her ancient crown hath won;
And bends in willing homage low
Before her royal son.

Yet in this triumph by my prowess wrought,
I only may have neither lot nor part;
Shunning the festal scenes by others sought,
My now rebellious and revolted heart
Turns to the British camp; and there my glance
Dwells on the features of a foe of France!
Forth from the merry throng I trembling steal,
Fearing my guilty secret to reveal.

What! shall this heart, once deemed so pure,
The image of a man endure?
Could I, commissioned of the Lord
To save my country with the sword,
E'er yield that heart to earthly love
Which glowed with ardour from above,
Or stoop to bend a longing eye
Upon my country's enemy?
For very shame I'd turn away
And hide me from the light of day.

(*The music behind the scenes turns to a soft and melting melody.*)

Woe, woe is me, what tones are these!
Ah! how they witch my willing ear;
Each rears his image on the breeze,
In each his voice alone I hear.

Oh! for battle's fierce delight!
Hurtling lances whizzing round,
In the rapture of the fight
My former fire might yet be found.

Ah! that strain, that witching sound,
How my bosom it ensnares!
All my powers its tones confound;
All dissolve in yearning cares;
Melt in unavailing tears——

(*After a pause, with vehemence.*)

Should I have slain him?—*could* I?—once I looked
Into his eyes?—what, slay him!—sooner far
This hand had driven the steel into my breast.
And was it guilt that I should human be?
Is pity guilt?—Pity, forsooth! Didst hear
The voice of pity or humanity
For all the others whom thy weapon slew?
Why was it silent when the Welshman pled,
The tender stripling, piteously for life?
Deceitful heart!—Thou liest in Heaven's sight;
It was not pity's voice that spake to thee!

Why did I ever look into his eyes,
Or scan the features of his noble face?
That look was the beginning of thy sin.
Wretch that I am!—God's agent should be blind;
With blindfold eyes thou shouldst have wrought thy task;
When thou didst look, God's grace deserted thee,
And snares of Hell encompassed thee around.

(*The music sounds again. She sinks into a subdued sadness.*)

Simple crook! oh! that I never
Had exchanged thee for the sword;

Sacred oak! why didst thou ever
Whisper to me from the Lord?
Queen of Heaven! oh! had I ne'er
Seen thine awful form appear;
Take thy crown, 'tis not for me;
Take, oh! take it back to thee.

The skies were rent, to me was given
A vision of the blest;
But here on earth and not in heaven
My hopes, my longings rest.
Why didst thou call on me to bear
The mission from above,
Or deem that I could ever tear
My heart from earthly love.

Oh! if thou wouldst thy power make known,
Choose thy tool from Spirits bright,
Standing aye before thy throne
Pure and free in sinless light;
Be these thine agents, undefiled
By earthly thoughts or passions wild;
Choose not a melting maiden's aid;
Choose not the weakly shepherd maid.

What recked I of the battle's shock,
Or strife of princes' pride,
When innocent I led my flock
Upon the mountain side?
To life thou calledst me away,
And pomp of princely hall,
There left my soul in sin to stray;
'Twas thine, not mine, the call.

SCENE II.—AGNES SOREL. JOAN.

(AGNES, *entering in lively agitation, at the sight of* JOAN *hastens to her, and falls upon her neck. Then with a sudden impulse she releases her clasp, and sinks at her feet.*)

AGNES.

Nay, let me kneel before thee in the dust.

JOAN (*seeking to raise her*).

Arise—thou dost forget thy due and mine.

AGNES.

E'en suffer me; it is the thrill of joy
Which brings me prostrate to thy feet—I must
Pour out my bursting heart unto the Lord,
And worship the Invisible in thee.
Thou art the angel who hast brought my liege
To Rheims, and placed the crown upon his brow.
That which I never even dreamed to see
Hath come to pass; the coronation train
Is even now preparing, and the king
Now stands arrayed in glorious festal pomp;
The peers are met; the crown's high officers
Make ready the insignia to bear;
The people surging to the minster stream;
The music swells, and all the church bells peal.
I scarce can bear the fulness of my joy.

(JOAN *gently raises her.* AGNES *is silent for a space, while she closely contemplates the countenance of* JOAN.)

Yet thou art ever earnest and severe;
Thou sharest not the joy thou dost create.

Thy heart is cold, thou feel'st not our delight;
Since thou hast seen the glory of the skies,
Thy breast no longer beats with earthly joys.

(JOAN *vehemently grasps her hand; but swiftly lets it go again.*)

Oh! couldst thou but a woman be,—and *feel!*
Lay off this panoply—the war is o'er;
Now own thy kinship to the softer sex.
My yearning heart recoils from thee in fear,
While still thou wear'st that stern Minerva mien.

JOAN.

What wouldst thou of me?

AGNES.

Lay thy weapons down;
Strip off thine armour; Love is all too coy
To venture to approach thy steel-clad breast:
Oh! be a woman and awake to love.

JOAN.

What! now put off mine armour?—nay, in fight
I'll gladly bare my bosom to the sword;
But oh! not now—'twere better sevenfold brass
Should shield me from your feasts, and from myself.

AGNES.

Dunois doth love thee; ay, that noble breast,
Which erst hath beat for warlike fame alone,
Now glows for thee with love's most sacred flame.
Oh! it is sweet to win a hero's heart;
Still sweeter to reciprocate his love.

(JOAN *turns aside with an expression of horror.*)

Dost hate him?—nay, belike thou lov'st him not,

But never, never couldst thou bear him hate.
Him only do we hate who tears from us
The one we love; but thou—thou lovest none;
Thy heart's untouched; oh! would it could be stirred!

JOAN.

Oh! pity me, compassionate my lot!

AGNES.

What can be lacking to thy happiness?
Thou hast fulfilled thy mission; France is free;
E'en to the coronation city thou hast brought
Thy king in triumph, winning deathless fame;
A joyous people's homage hails thee now;
Thy glowing praises flow from every tongue;
Thou art the goddess of this festival;
The king himself in all his new-crowned pomp
Less glorious is than thou.

JOAN.

Oh! woe is me;
Would I could hide me in earth's inmost womb!

AGNES.

What means this strange and sudden agony?
Who could look freely on this day of joy
If thou hadst reason to abase thy glance?
'Tis mine to blush, mine, who compared to thee
Do feel so small, and so incapable
To raise me to heroic heights like thine,
For—shall I all my weakness own to thee?—
'Tis not the glory of my fatherland,
Not the recovered honours of the throne,

The general jubilee, the triumph's joy,
Which fill this fluttering heart—one single form
My fancy fills, my every thought pervades,
One single feeling can my heart contain:
He whom the people hail is my adored;
He whom they bless, whose path they strew with flowers,
Is my heart's own; mine own, my bosom's lord.

JOAN.

Oh! happy thou! thrice blessed is thy lot;
Thou lovest him whom all adore; thy heart
Thou canst unfold, and loud proclaim thy joy,
All undisguised before the eyes of men.
The general joy's the festal of thy love;
The people all, the countless multitudes,
Who surging throng within the walls of Rheims,
These share thy rapture, sanctify thy joy;
For thee they shout; for thee the garland weave;
Thou art identified with all their bliss;
Since thou dost love its very source, its sun.
The pomps around thee but reflect thy love.

AGNES (*falling on her neck*).

Thy words entrance me; thou hast read my soul.
Ay, I misjudged thee—well thou knowest love,
So well dost thou interpret all I feel.
Now all my shrinking fear of thee is gone;
My swelling heart turns trustfully to thee.

JOAN (*forcibly extricating herself from the arms of* AGNES).

Nay, leave me; turn from me; pollute thee not
With the pestiferous touch of such as me.

Be happy—go—let me in deepest night
My misery, my shame, my horror hide!

AGNES.

What words are these? I comprehend thee not;
Nor ever did—from me was always veiled
The deep mysterious essence of thy soul.
But who could read the searchings of thy heart,
The terrors of thy tender spotless mind?

JOAN.

'Tis thou art holy; oh! 'tis thou art pure.
If thou couldst see into my inmost heart,
In horror wouldst thou thrust me from thy side,
The foe and base betrayer of thy cause!

SCENE III.—*Enter* DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, *and* LA HIRE, *bearing* JOAN'S *banner.*

DUNOIS.

We come for thee, Joanna; all's prepared;
The king doth summon thee; it is his will
That thou before him bear thy sacred flag,
And join thy presence to the princely train;
Next to his person thou shalt take thy place;
Since he admits, and would that all the world
Should witness, that to thee alone he owes
The honours of this glad and glorious day.

LA HIRE.

Behold thy banner; take it, noble Maid;
The princes wait, the people pine for thee.

JOAN.

What? *I* precede him—*I* this banner bear!

DUNOIS.

Who else should do so; or what other hand
Is pure enough to bear this sacred flag?
Thy hand did wave it in the battle's front,
Bear it in pageant on the path of joy.

(LA HIRE *presents to her the banner. She recoils from it with a shudder.*)

JOAN.

Away, away!

LA HIRE (*unfolding the banner*).

What's this! dost thou recoil
From thine own banner? Look upon it;—see!
It is the same thou didst in triumph wave;
The Queen of Heaven is broidered on its field,
Hovering over the terrestrial ball,
E'en as the Holy Mother did enjoin.

JOAN (*looking on it with horror*).

Ay, 'tis her shape, as when I saw her first;
But mark the angry fold upon her brow,
The scathing glances of her lowering eye!

AGNES.

Alack! the Maiden raves—compose thyself;
Collect thee, 'tis no living shape thou seest,
'Tis but the earthly copy of her form,
Herself doth float amid the heavenly choirs.

JOAN.

Dread Being, art thou come to scourge thy tool?
Destroy me; punish me; thy lightnings seize
And launch them down upon my guilty head;
My vows are broken—oh! I have profaned
And scandalised thy pure and holy name!

DUNOIS.

What sinister and dreadful words are these?

LA HIRE (*in amazement to* DU CHATEL).

Can you expound this sudden paroxysm?

DU CHATEL.

I see what I do see; and oh! full long
I've feared it.

DUNOIS.

How, what mean you?

DU CHATEL.

What I think
I dare not utter—would to God our work
Were safely over, and the king were crowned!

LA HIRE.

How! hath the terror which this banner shed
Mysteriously recoiled upon thyself?
Let Britons quake before the sacred badge;
It may be fearful to the foes of France,
But to her children it is ever kind.

JOAN.

Ay, thou art right; it blesses France's friends,
But it is ever fatal to her foes.

(*The Coronation March is heard.*)

DUNOIS.

Then boldly grasp it ;—take it ;—they begin
The Coronation March ;—no time's to lose.
(*They force the flag upon her ; she takes it with vehement reluctance, and goes. The others follow.*)

SCENE IV.—*An open space before the Cathedral of Rheims. Spectators fill the background. From among them advance* BERTRAND, CLAUDE MARIE, *and* ETIENNE, *followed shortly by* MARGOT *and* LOUISON. *The music of the Coronation March sounds faintly in the distance.*

BERTRAND.

Hark to the music !—It is they—they come.
What's best to do—shall we this platform scale ;
Or cleave a path throughout the surging crowds,
That we lose nothing of the gallant show ?

ETIENNE.

We may not thread the masses ; every street
Is densely thronged with horsemen and with cars ;
Let us draw nigh unto these houses here ;
Thence at our ease we'll view the festal train
When it shall pass.

CLAUDE MARIE.

It seems as if half France
Were met together on this single spot ;
The heady flood of folk hath even us,
From out our distant home in far Lorraine,
Upborne and floated to the busy scene !

BERTRAND.

Nay, who could idly in his corner sit
When scenes like this bestir the fatherland?
Sure it hath cost enough of sweat and blood
Before the crown came to its rightful head;
And our own king, our true and native king,
Whom now we crown, should have as brave a show
As yon sham king at Paris, whom they've crowned
At St. Denis; no loyal man would fail
To join the feast, and cry, 'God save the king.'

SCENE V.—MARGOT *and* LOUISON *join the preceding.*

LOUISON.

Margot, to think we'll see our sister here!
It makes my heart beat.

MARGOT.

Ay, in pride of place
And splendour we shall see her; and we'll say,
'Tis our Joanna; it is she indeed!

LOUISON.

Till I have seen her I will not believe
This mighty being, whom the people call
The Maid of Orleans, is our sister Joan,
Now lost to us.

(*The procession comes ever nearer.*)

MARGOT.

Dost doubt it? soon thou'lt see.

BERTRAND.

Attend!—they come.

SCENE VI.—*The coronation train appears. Musicians lead the way. Children follow all arrayed in white, and bearing garlands in their hands. After these, two heralds. Then a band of halberdiers, followed by members of the magistracy in their robes of state. These are succeeded by two marshals with their staffs of office; the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY *bearing the sword of state;* DUNOIS *with the sceptre; other grandees with the crown, the Imperial globe, and the truncheon of justice. Others bearing sacrificial offerings. After these, knights in the robes of their orders. Choristers with censers. Then two bishops with the ampulla of holy oil. The Archbishop with the crucifix.* JOAN *follows, bearing her banner. She walks with head dejected and uncertain steps. At sight of her, her sisters manifest astonishment and joy. Behind her comes the King, under a baldachin borne by four barons. Courtiers follow. Soldiers close the train. It enters the Cathedral. The music ceases.*

SCENE VII.—LOUISON, MARGOT, CLAUDE MARIE, ETIENNE, AND BERTRAND.

MARGOT.

Saw ye our sister?

CLAUDE MARIE.

Her in golden mail,
Who with the banner went before the king?

MARGOT.

Ay, 'twas in sooth our very sister Joan.

LOUISON.

And she perceived us not; she little recked
That we her sisters stood so near the spot.
Her eyes were downcast, and she looked so pale,
And seemed to shudder so beneath her flag,
The sight of her gave little joy to me.

MARGOT.

I scarce can think it was our sister passed
In yon magnificent and brave array.
Who ever could have thought, or even dreamed,
What time she drove the flocks upon our hills,
That we should one day see her in such pomp?

LOUISON.

Our father's dream hath come to pass, that we
One day in Rheims should bow before her feet;
Yonder's the very church our father saw
Within his dream, and all is now fulfilled.
But yet his vision showed him sights of woe;
I bode no good from seeing her so great.

BERTRAND.

Why stand we idle here?—come to the church,
To see the sacred offices.

MARGOT.

Ay, come;
Belike we'll see our sister there once more.

LOUISON.

Nay, 'tis enough that we have seen her once,
'Twere better now that we should wend us home.

MARGOT.

What! ere we hail her, and have speech of her?

LOUISON.

She's ours no more; her place is now with kings
And princes; what are we that we should press
With idle vanity to share her pomp?
She aye was cold to us while she was ours.

MARGOT.

Think you she'll blush for us, or hold us cheap?

BERTRAND.

The king himself is not ashamed of us;
He greeted kindly e'en the meanest man;
Let her have soared as highly as she may,
The king is surely higher!

(*Trumpets and kettledrums heard in the church.*)

CLAUDE MARIE.

To the church!

(*They hasten away to the background, and are lost amid the crowd.*)

Scene VIII.—Thibaut d'Arc, *clad all in black.* Raimond *follows, and seeks to hold him back.*

RAIMOND.

Hold, father Arc, and bide without the throng;
Back!—in this place come none but joyful men;
Your grief is an offence unto the feast;
Come, let us swift withdraw us from the scene.

THIBAUT.

Oh! didst thou see my miserable child;
Didst mark her well?

RAIMOND.

Nay, I beseech you, come.

THIBAUT.

Oh! didst thou note her vacillating step;
How pale and troubled was her countenance!
The unhappy girl is conscious of her plight;
Now is the moment come to save my child;
Ay, and I'll do it.

(*He is about to go.*)

RAIMOND.

Hold; what would you do?

THIBAUT.

I'll e'en surprise her on the giddy height
Of her vain glory; yea, I'll hurl her thence;
And with sheer force I'll hale her to her God
Whom she hath thus renounced.

RAIMOND.

Ah! weigh it well;
Let not your hand bring ruin on your child.

THIBAUT.

Perish her body! if her soul but live.

(JOAN *bursts out of the church, without her banner. The people crowd around her, adore her, and kiss her garments. Her course is barred by the throng.*)

She comes!—'tis she!—pale reels she from the church;

'Tis conscience hunts her from the holy place;
Sure 'tis the judgment of the Lord which thus
Proclaims itself in her!

RAIMOND.

Nay then, farewell,
Demand no more companionship from me:
I came in hope, but now I go in grief;
For now once more I've looked upon your child,
Once more I feel that she is lost to me.

(*He goes.* THIBAUT *withdraws in the opposite direction.*)

SCENE IX.—JOAN. *Populace.* *Presently her Sisters.*

JOAN (*escaping from the crowd, and advancing*).

I dared not stay, for Furies chased me forth;
The organ's tones were like the thunder's peal;
The very dome seemed like to fall on me.
Oh! let me seek the open vault of heaven.
I've left my banner in the sanctuary;
Never again this hand may touch that flag.
Methought but now I saw my sisters dear,
Louison and Margot, as in a dream,
Flitting beside me as I passed.—Ah! no;
'Twas but some cheating phantom mocked my sight;
For they are far away beyond my ken;
Far as my innocent and childish joys!

MARGOT (*advancing*).

'Tis she!—it is Joanna!

LOUISON (*rushing to her side*).

Sister dear!

JOAN.

'Twas not my fancy, then—'tis even you,
My Margot, my Louison, whom I clasp;
Here in this strange and crowded solitude
Do I embrace my loving sisters' breasts!

MARGOT.

She knows us still; is still our kindly Joan.

JOAN.

Your loving hearts have brought you to my side,
The long, long way! Ye are not wroth with me
Who left you coldly and without farewell!

LOUISON.

God's will inscrutable did call thee forth.

MARGOT.

The fame of thee which now stirs all the world,
And makes thy name the theme of every tongue,
Roused even us within our tranquil home,
And brought us hither to this festival.
To see thy pomp and glory are we come;
And we came not alone.

JOAN (*eagerly*).

Is father here?
Where, where is he—and wherefore hides he now?

MARGOT.

He came not with us.

JOAN.

What—he would not see
His child? nor e'en his blessing do ye bring?

LOUISON.

He knows not we are here.

JOAN.

How? knows it not!
Oh! why not?—ye seem stupefied—ye're mute,
And look upon the ground.—Say, where is he?

MARGOT.

Since thou didst go——

LOUISON (*with an admonishing look*).

Margot!

MARGOT.

Our father's soul
Is steeped in sorrow——

JOAN.

Sorrow!

LOUISON.

Comfort thee;
Thou know'st our father's dark and boding mood;
He will compose himself, and be content
When we shall tell him of thy happiness.

MARGOT.

For sure thou'rt happy, sure thou *must* be glad,
Now thou'rt so great and glorious.

JOAN.

Nay, I'm glad
Now I behold you once again, and hear
Your voices—your loved tones; and think once more
In memory on the dear paternal home,
Where once I drove the flocks upon our hills;
Then was I happy as in Paradise;
Ah! can I never know these joys again?

(*She hides her face on* LOUISON'S *breast;* CLAUDE MARIE, ETIENNE, *and* BERTRAND *appear, and stand hesitating in the background.*)

MARGOT.

Come, Etienne, Bertrand, and Claude Marie,
Our Joan is not puffed up; her heart is soft;
She speaks more kindly than she ever did
When she dwelt with us in our village home.

(*They draw nearer, and are about to offer their hands to* JOAN. *She regards them with a fixed and vacant gaze; and falls into a state of amazed abstraction.*)

JOAN.

Where was I?—tell me—was it all a dream,
A long, long dream—and have I now awoke—
Have I left Dom Remi? Oh! surely no.
I fell asleep beneath the mystic tree;
And now I've woke, and find around me here
Your well-known faces and familiar forms.
Sure I have only dreamt of all these kings,
And warlike deeds, and battles—sure they were
But shadows which did flit before my brain,
For vivid were my dreams beneath that tree

How should ye come to Rheims; and how should I
Myself come here?—I ne'er left Dom Remi.
Come, tell me frankly, and rejoice my heart.

LOUISON.

In sooth, we are in Rheims—it was no dream;
And all these wonders truly were performed
By thee indeed. Bethink thee—look around;
Feel thine own gleaming golden panoply.

(JOAN *passes her hand over her mail-clad breast; recollects herself, and starts.*)

BERTRAND.

This very helmet you received from me.

CLAUDE MARIE.

No marvel that you think it all a dream,
Since all the wondrous things you have achieved,
Even in dreams could not more wondrous be.

JOAN (*vehemently*).

Come, let us flee!—I'll go with you, and turn
Back to our hamlet and my father's breast.

LOUISON.

Oh! come, come with us!

JOAN.

All these gaping crowds
Exalt me far above my true desert;
Ye knew me as a child, and small and weak;
Ye love me, but ye do not worship me.

MARGOT.

What, wouldst thou all this pomp and splendour quit?

JOAN.

I cast from off me the detested gauds
Which separate your loving hearts from mine.
Oh! let me be a shepherdess again;
I'll blithely serve you as a menial maid:
And with severest penance I'll atone
My idle efforts to surpass your state.

(*Trumpets are heard.*)

SCENE X.—*The King issues from the Cathedral arrayed in his coronation robes, and attended by* AGNES SOREL, *the Archbishop*, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, DU CHATEL, *Knights, Courtiers, and populace.*

THE PEOPLE (*shout repeatedly, while the King advances*).

Long live the King—long live King Charles the Seventh!

(*Flourish of trumpets. At a signal from the King the heralds with uplifted truncheons command silence.*)

CHARLES.

My kindly folk, gramercy for your love.
The crown which Heaven hath planted on my brow
Was stoutly won for me by stroke of sword;
If 'twas bedewed with generous patriot blood,
The olive now shall peaceful round it twine.
Thanks unto each and all who fought for us;
Forgiveness to our adversaries all;
The Lord hath lavished mercies upon me,
Then let my first King's word be—clemency.

PEOPLE.

Long live the King—long, long live Charles the Good!

CHARLES.

From God alone, from God the King of Kings,
The kings of France receive their diadem;
But we in visible and patent shape
Received it from His hand——
(*Turning to* JOAN.)
Here stands the God-sent Maid who gave you back
Your own legitimate and lineal king,
And burst the bonds of foreign tyranny.
Henceforth in France her name shall rank as high
As that of Saint Denis, our patron saint;
And to her fame an altar shall be reared.

PEOPLE.

Hail to the Maiden, the deliverer, hail!
(*The trumpets sound.*)

CHARLES (*to* JOAN).

If thou be born of woman as are we,
Then name the guerdon which will glad thy heart;
But if thy home be yonder in the skies,
If in thy maiden form the spark divine
Of a celestial nature dwells concealed,
Then rend the bandage from our purblind eyes,
And show thee to us in thy form of light,
As Heaven sees thee; that we in the dust
May worship and adore thee——
(*Universal silence. Every eye is bent on* JOAN.)

JOAN (*with a sudden and piercing cry*).

God!—my father!

SCENE XI.—THIBAUT D'ARC *steps from out the crowd and stands facing* JOAN.

MANY VOICES.

Her father!

THIBAUT.

Ay, her sore-afflicted sire,
He who begat the miserable girl,
And whom the angry judgment of the Lord
Sends hither to denounce his erring child.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! what is this?

DU CHATEL.

Now dawns a dreadful scene!

THIBAUT (*to the King*).

Dost think thy succour came to thee from God?
Deluded prince, and blinded folk of France,
That succour came to you from Satan's arts!
(*All recoil with horror.*)

DUNOIS.

What madman's this?

THIBAUT.

'Tis thou art mad, not I;
And all these here, this sapient bishop too,
To think the Lord of Heaven would vouchsafe
To work His purpose by a godless wench.
Let's see if even to her father's face
She'll dare maintain the impious jugglery

With which she hath bewitched both folk and king.
Answer me by the awful Three in One,
Belong'st thou to the holy and the pure?

(*General silence. All eyes are strained on* JOAN. *She remains silent and unmoved.*)

AGNES.

God! she is silent!

THIBAUT.

Ay, she must be mute
Before the dreadful name which Hell itself
Doth quake to hear—what, *she* a sainted maid
From Heaven sent! Ah, no! her plots were wove
On cursed ground beneath the mystic tree,
Where from antiquity the evil sprites
Have held high Sabbath; on that spot she sold
Her hopes of heaven unto the Foe of man,
That he might grant her fleeting earthly pomps.
Let her stretch forth her arm, and show the marks,
The brand which Hell hath stamped upon its own!

BURGUNDY.

Horrible!—yet a father could not lie,
Who testifies against his flesh and blood.

DUNOIS.

Nay, never heed the raving dotard's words,
Who shames himself in slandering his child.

AGNES (*to* JOAN).

Oh, speak! oh, break this dreadful reticence;
Our faith in thee is ever firm and sure;
A word from out thy mouth,—a single word,

Will satisfy us—speak—annihilate
The awful accusation; only say
That thou art blameless, and we credit thee.

(JOAN *remains motionless and silent.* AGNES SOREL *withdraws from her in horror.*)

LA HIRE.

She's terror-stricken; wonder and disgust
Have sealed her lips; sure Innocence itself
Would quake before so terrible a charge!
(*He approaches her.*)
Collect thee, Joan; compose thee; innocence
Hath its own language, and its withering glance,
Which swiftly blasts the voice of calumny;
In noble indignation rise;—look up;
Confound and punish these unworthy doubts
Which thus thy spotless purity profane.

(JOAN *remains motionless and mute.* LA HIRE *retires in horror. The general agitation waxes.*)

DUNOIS.

Why do the people fear, the princes quail?
She's innocent;—she's blameless I maintain;
Yea, and I'll vouch it with my princely word;
Lo, here I hurl my knightly gauntlet down,
Now who shall venture to allege her guilt?

(*A violent peal of thunder is heard. All stand stricken with horror.*)

THIBAUT.

Answer, by Him whose thunders spake but now;

Say thou art pure; deny that Satan dwells
Within thy heart; and prove my words untrue.

(*Another and more violent peal of thunder is heard. The people flee on every side.*)

BURGUNDY.

Oh, God! what dreadful evidence is this!

DU CHATEL (*to the King*).

Come, come, my king, swift let us flee the spot!

ARCHBISHOP (*to* JOAN).

In God's great name I ask thee, is it guilt,
Or is it innocence that ties thy tongue?
If the Almighty's thunders speak for thee,
Then grasp this crucifix and give a sign.

(JOAN *remains motionless and silent. Fresh violent thunder-peals. The King*, AGNES SOREL, *Archbishop*, BURGUNDY, LA HIRE, *and* DU CHATEL *quit the spot.*)

SCENE XII.—DUNOIS *and* JOAN.

DUNOIS.

Now thou art mine—I have believed in thee
Since first I saw thee, and my heart's unchanged;
I trust thee more than all these puny proofs;
More than the thunder's self which speaks on high
Thou'rt mute from noble wrath; thou dost disdain,
Enfolded in thy spotless innocence,
Such monstrous accusations to refute.
Despise them still, and place thy trust in me;

Ne'er have I doubted of thy purity;
I ask no word—extend me but thy hand,
As pledge and signal that in this right arm,
And in thine own good cause thy trust is fixed.

(*He offers her his hand. She turns away with a convulsive motion. He remains rooted to the spot in amazement.*)

SCENE XIII.—JOAN, DU CHATEL, DUNOIS; *and presently* RAIMOND.

DU CHATEL.

Joanna d'Arc, the king is pleased to grant
That unmolested you may quit the town;
The gates stand open to you; fear no hurt;
The monarch's grace shall your protection be.
Follow me, Count Dunois—it fits you not
To tarry longer here—oh, what a fall!

(*He goes.* DUNOIS *recovers from his stupor; casts yet another look on* JOAN, *and goes. She is alone.* RAIMOND *appears; stands a while in the distance regarding her with speechless grief; then advances and takes her by the hand.*)

RAIMOND.

Come, seize the favouring moment, while the streets
Are void—give me your hand—I'll be your guide.

(*At sight of him she gives the first sign of consciousness; looks on him vacantly; then looks to heaven; vehemently grasps his hand and goes with him.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A wild wood. In the background charcoal-burners' huts. Darkness. Vivid lightning and thunder. In the intervals of the thunder, discharges of artillery.*

A CHARCOAL-BURNER *and his* WIFE.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Sure 'tis a murderous and gruesome storm!
Heaven threatens to descend in streams of fire;
E'en at high noon it is as black as night,
The very stars in heaven might be seen;
The tempest rages as if hell were loose;
The solid earth doth reel;—with many a groan
The ancient ash-trees bow their leafy crowns.
Alack! this dreadful elemental war,
Which teaches softness to the very brutes,
And makes them tamely crouch within their dens,
Is powerless to still the strife of man;
High o'er the howling of the wind and storm,
Hark to the cannon's fierce and sullen roar!
The rival hosts so near each other stand,
This wood alone divides them; soon, I wot,
They'll vent the bloody vials of their feud.

WIFE.

God help us!—sure the enemy but now

Were smitten down, and scattered in defeat;
Whence comes it that they harry us afresh?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

It is that they no longer fear the king,
Now that the Maiden hath been proved a witch;
And since the foul Fiend fights for us no more,
All goes awry.

WIFE.

Hark!—what are these who come?

SCENE II.—RAIMOND *and* JOAN *enter to the preceding.*

RAIMOND.

Lo, here are huts—come, here at least we'll find
A shelter from the raging of the storm.
No more can you endure; these three days now
You've roamed around, avoiding sight of man,
Your only nourishment the forest roots;
(*The storm abates; the air grows clear and calm.*)
They're kindly charcoal-burners—come within.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Ye seem in need of rest; e'en come within;
Whate'er our sorry roof affords is yours.

WIFE.

What means a tender girl begirt with arms!
And yet in sooth it is a stormy time,
When even women-folk put harness on;
The queen herself, dame Isabeau, they say,
Is seen in armour in the Britons' camp;

Ay, and a maiden, a poor shepherd girl,
Hath fought full bravely for our lord the king.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Why prate you here? Hie to the hut, and bring
A cup of comfort to refresh the maid.

(*His wife goes to the hut.*)

RAIMOND (*to* JOAN).

Ye see, not all mankind have hearts of stone;
E'en in the desert kindly bosoms beat.
Come, cheer you, for the storm hath raged its worst,
With peaceful beams the sun now sinks to rest.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

I reckon ye would reach the royal power,
Since thus in arms ye travel—take good heed;
Hard by the Englishmen have pitched their camp,
And squadrons of them ever scour the wood.

RAIMOND.

Alack! how shall we then escape their hands?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Bide till my boy returns from out the town;
He'll lead you safely out by hidden paths;
So that ye need have nought to fear;—we know
The by-ways.

RAIMOND (*to* JOAN).

Lay your casque and armour off;
They may betray you; they protect you not.

(JOAN *makes a gesture of refusal.*)

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

The maiden's sore depressed—hark, who comes there?

SCENE III.—*Charcoal-Burner's wife comes from the hut bearing a cup, and accompanied by her son.*

WIFE.

Here is our lad whom we expected back.
(*To* JOAN.)
Drink, gentle maiden, and God bless the draught.

CHARCOAL-BURNER (*to his son*).

Art come, Anet—what news?

SON (*fixing his eyes on* JOAN *as she puts the cup to her lips, he recognises her; rushes at her, and dashes it from her hand*).

Oh! mother, oh!
Oh! know ye whom ye harbour? 'Tis the witch!
The witch of Orleans!

CHARCOAL-BURNER AND WIFE.

God be merciful!
(*They cross themselves and flee.*)

SCENE IV.—RAIMOND *and* JOAN.

JOAN (*calm and composed*).

The curse still hunts me—I am shunned by all—
Bethink thy welfare and forsake me too.

RAIMOND.

What! *I* forsake you! even now? who then
Will guide your wanderings?

JOAN.

I lack no guide.
Didst thou not hear the thunder o'er me peal?
My fate conducts me; have no care—unsought
My destiny will bring me to my goal.

RAIMOND.

Where would you go?—here stand the Englishmen,
Who've sworn to wreak on you a fell revenge:
Yonder our people, who have cast you off.

JOAN.

Nought can befall me save what fate appoints.

RAIMOND.

What hand shall feed you, or be your defence
From savage beasts and still more savage men;
Or tend you when in sickness and distress?

JOAN.

I know all goodly herbs and healing roots;
My sheep did teach me to discriminate
The wholesome from the deadly: I can read
The courses of the stars, can track the clouds,
And hear the rushing of the hidden springs;
Man's wants are few, and Nature's gifts are rich.

RAIMOND (*taking her hand*).

Oh! then I pray you look into your heart;
Be reconciled with God; and to the lap
Of holy church in penitence return.

JOAN.

Dost thou too hold me guilty of this sin?

RAIMOND.

How could I else?—your silence left no choice.

JOAN.

Thou who hast followed me in this my woe,
Thou single creature to me faithful still,
Thou who alone hast clung unto my steps
When all the world beside have cast me off,
Thou deemest me a traitor to my God,
By God abandoned!—
(RAIMOND *is silent.*)
Oh! 'tis hard to bear!

RAIMOND (*amazed*).

Then are you truly no foul sorceress?

JOAN.

What—*I* a sorceress!

RAIMOND.

The deeds you wrought,
Did you perform them by the power of God,
And of his holy Saints?

JOAN.

Ay, by what else?

RAIMOND.

And yet you answered not the awful charge!
You speak too late—oh! when before the King,
When speech had saved you, wherefore were you mute?

JOAN.

I bowed in silence to the chastisement
Which God my Master did upon me lay.

RAIMOND.

But you were speechless at your father's words.

JOAN.

My father spoke them by the will of God;
This trial comes from His paternal hand.

RAIMOND.

But Heaven itself bore witness to your guilt.

JOAN.

When Heaven spake, 'twas meet I should be mute.

RAIMOND.

How!—with a word you could have purged yourself,
Yet let the world in dire delusion dwell!

JOAN.

'Twas no delusion—'twas a destiny.

RAIMOND.

And yet, though innocent, you bore the shame;
And ne'er a murmur passed your blameless lips!
I marvel at you; ay, I stand amazed!
My very heart within me bleeds for you.
Oh! gladly do I take your word for truth,
For scarcely could I e'er believe your guilt.
But could I dream that any human heart
Could silently endure such monstrous wrong!

JOAN.

Had I been worthy to be sent by God
Unless I mutely worked the Master's will?
Nor am I all so wretched as you deem;
I'm poor, 'tis true; but that is nought to me;
I now must roam a banished fugitive;
In solitude I learned to know myself.
When earth's vain glories compassed me around,
Then was there strife within my breast; ay, then
I was most pitiable, when the world
Deemed me most enviable—now I'm free;
The warring elements, which even now
Seemed like to blot out nature, were my friends;
They've purged the spheres and tranquillised my soul.
Peace reigns within me now; and come what may,
I'm conscious now of feebleness no more.

RAIMOND.

Come let us hasten loudly to proclaim
Your spotless innocence to all mankind.

JOAN.

The Hand which blinded them will give them sight;
The fruit of destiny when ripe shall fall;
A day shall come to purify my name;
And they who now contemn and cast me off
Shall one day recognise the wrong they've done;
And tears shall flow when men shall hear my tale.

RAIMOND.

What! mutely and patiently await that day!

JOAN (*taking him gently by the hand*).

Thou seest but the material drift of things,
An earthly bandage veils thy feeble sight;
But I have had a glimpse of the unseen:
Without God's will falls not a hair of man.
Seest thou the sun which yonder sinks to rest;
As sure as he in splendour shall return,
So surely shall the day of truth arise!

SCENE V.—QUEEN ISABEAU *appears in the background, accompanied by soldiers.*

ISABEAU.

Here lies the way into the English camp!

RAIMOND.

Alack! it is the foe!

(*The soldiers advance, but at sight of* JOAN *they reel back in terror.*)

ISABEAU.

Why halt ye now?

SOLDIERS.

God be our help!

ISABEAU.

What spectre scares ye now?
Are ye then soldiers, or poltroons—what's this?

(*Advancing, she perceives* JOAN, *and starts back amazed.*)

What do I see!—Ha!—yield thee! for thou art
My prisoner!

JOAN.

I am.

(RAIMOND *flees with gestures of despair.*)

ISABEAU.

Bind her in chains!

(*The soldiers approach* JOAN *with hesitation. She extends her arms and is fettered.*)

Is this the mighty one, the dreaded Maid,
Who chased your squadrons like a flock of lambs,
And now is powerless to protect herself?
Her wonders cease when superstition sleeps;
She's but a woman when she meets a man.

(*To* JOAN.)

Why hast thou left thy people; and where now
Is Count Dunois, thy guardian cavalier?

JOAN.

The King hath banished me.

ISABEAU (*recoiling in astonishment*).

What—banished *thee!*
The *Dauphin* banished thee!

JOAN.

Enquire no more;
I'm in thy power; decide upon my fate.

ISABEAU.

What, banished *thee*, who saved him from his doom;
Who set the crown upon his brow at Rheims;

Whose arm it was that made him King of France.
Ay,—in this act I recognise my son!
Come, bear her to the camp, and show the host
The goblin before whom they used to quake.
What,—*she* a sorceress!—Her only spell
Was your credulity and craven fear.
She's but a simpleton, who for her King
Hath given herself, and reaped his kingly meed.
Bring her to Lionel; I'd send him bound
The Frenchmen's Fortune in embodied form;
I come anon——

JOAN.

To Lionel!—oh, no!
Oh! slay me here, but send me not to him!

ISABEAU (*to the soldiers*).

E'en do my bidding—off—away with her!

(*She goes.*)

SCENE VI.—JOAN, *guarded by English soldiers.*

JOAN (*to the soldiers*).

Englishmen! suffer not that I alive
Escape from out your hands—avenge yourselves!
E'en draw your swords and plunge them in my breast;
Then drag my body to your leader's feet.
Bethink ye, it was I your noblest slew,
Who ne'er showed pity to a British man;
Who spilt whole rivers of your English blood;

And robbed the bravest of your hero-sons
Of the sweet hope of glad return to home.
Ay, take a bloody vengeance, slay me now;
Now, now's the time—not always may ye hope
To find me helpless thus——

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

Obey the Queen!

JOAN.

Is then my cup of anguish not yet full?
Oh! dreadful Virgin, heavy is thy hand!
Oh! hast thou wholly thrust me from thy grace?
Nor God nor angel now comes to mine aid;
Heaven's gates are closed—its miracles have ceased.

(*She goes with the soldiers.*)

SCENE VII.—*The French camp.* DUNOIS, *standing between the Archbishop and* DU CHATEL.

ARCHBISHOP (*to* DUNOIS).

Control this dark and sullen humour, prince;
Come with us; turn once more unto your King;
Abandon not the general cause of France
At such a strait, when we, hard pressed anew,
Stand in sore need of your heroic arm.

DUNOIS.

What caused the strait, and wherefore hath the foe
Renewed his efforts when the cause was won,

When France had triumphed and the war was o'er?
You've banished the deliverer:—yourselves
Deliver now, as best ye may—for me,
I'll quit the camp where she no longer dwells.

DU CHATEL.

Think better of it, prince, desert us not
On such a pretext——

DUNOIS.

Silence, Du Chatel!
I hate you, and will nought of your harangues;
'Twas you who first began to doubt the Maid.

ARCHBISHOP.

Nay, which of us did not misdoubt her case?
Whose faith proved steadfast on that luckless day
When every token seemed to seal her guilt?
We were amazed; struck dumb; the sudden shock
Had crushed our spirits—who could probe and weigh
At such an awful hour the dreadful charge?
But now our better senses have returned,
We see her now as when she walked with us;
Too late we recognise her innocence:
We're sore perplexed, and fear that we have wrought
A grievous wrong—the King repents it now;
Burgundy blames himself; La Hire despairs;
And every heart is choked with vain regrets.

DUNOIS.

She a deceiver!—nay, if truth itself
Could be incorporate in patent shape,
Its very form and features would be hers:

If innocence, and truth, and purity
Could on this earth be found, then on her lips,
And in her lustrous eyes, they surely dwell!

ARCHBISHOP.

May God miraculously pierce our gloom,
And manifest unto our mortal sight
This mystery we may not penetrate.
And yet, howe'er we may unravel it,
One of two sins lies heavy on our souls;
Either we triumphed by the arms of Hell,
Or we have hounded forth a spotless saint;
And each calls down God's wrath and chastisement
On this most miserable land of France!

SCENE VIII.—*Enter a nobleman to the preceding, and presently after,* RAIMOND.

NOBLEMAN (*to* DUNOIS).

A shepherd stripling for your Highness seeks,
Earnestly craving to have speech of you;
He says he cometh from the Maiden——

DUNOIS.

Haste,
Bring him within. From her!
(*The nobleman introduces* RAIMOND. DUNOIS *hastens to him.*)
Where is the Maid?
Say, where, oh! where is she?

RAIMOND.

Hail, noble prince;
And God be praised I find this holy man,
This pious prelate, standing by your side,
The shield and refuge of afflicted souls;
And father of the poor and destitute.

DUNOIS.

Say, where's the Maid?

ARCHBISHOP.

Ay, tell us where, my son.

RAIMOND.

My lord, the Maid is no black sorceress;
I swear it by my God and all the saints.
The world's in error—Innocence itself
Ye've banished, and cast out God's messenger!

DUNOIS.

Where is she? tell us.

RAIMOND.

I accompanied
Her flight into the forest of Ardennes;
There she unsealed to me her inmost heart;
E'en let me die in tortures; may my soul
Forfeit its hopes of everlasting bliss
If she's not pure, my lord, from taint of guilt.

DUNOIS.

The sun itself in heaven is not more pure!
Where is she?—answer swiftly.

RAIMOND.

Oh! if God
Hath moved your heart, then haste to rescue her;
She lies a captive in the English camp.

DUNOIS.

A captive!—what?——

ARCHBISHOP.

Alack! the hapless Maid.

RAIMOND.

In the Ardennes, where we had sought retreat,
She was surprised and captured by the Queen,
And straight delivered to the English power.
Oh! rescue her who oft hath rescued you;
Oh! haste to snatch her from a gruesome death!

DUNOIS.

To arms!—sound the alarum—beat the drums!
Lead all our power to battle;—let all France
Gird armour on—our honour is at stake;
France's Palladium and pride are gone!
Spare neither blood nor life in the emprise;
Free must she be before this day shall close.

(*They go.*)

SCENE IX.—*A watch-tower, with a lattice in its upper part.*
JOAN *and* LIONEL.

FASTOLF (*entering in haste*).

The people can no longer be controlled;
They clamour fiercely for the Maiden's life;

'Tis vain to reason with them—slay her now,
And hurl her head down from the battlements;
Her gushing blood alone can glut their spleen.

ISABEAU (*entering*).

See, they set ladders and would scale the wall;
Content the people—sure ye would not wait
Till they in blinded wrath o'erturn the tower,
And put us all to death along with her;
Ye're powerless to save her—give her up!

LIONEL.

E'en let them storm the wall; e'en let them rave;
This tower is strong: and I would liefer lie
Buried beneath it than obey their will—
Joanna, speak the word; if thou'lt be mine,
I will defend thee 'gainst a world in arms.

ISABEAU.

Art thou a man?

LIONEL.

Thine own have cast thee off;
No love or duty now is due from thee
To thine unworthy country—the poltroons
Who vied for thee have now abandoned thee;
They dared not champion thy fair renown;
But I against my people and 'gainst thine
Will wage thy cause—Thou once didst make me deem
That I was dear to thee; though then I stood
Confronting thee in battle as thy foe,
Now here I am thine only friend——

JOAN.

Thou art
The foe, the hated foe, of me and mine;
Nought can be common unto thee and me;
Love thee I never can; but if thy heart
Be stirred for me, then let thy passion prove
A blessing to my people: lead thy power
Far from my fatherland's beloved soil;
Give up forthwith the keys of all the towns
You've wrung from us; your ravages repair;
Release your captives; send us hostages
To seal the solemn pact; and then I'll deign
In my King's name to proffer to you peace.

ISABEAU.

Wouldst thou in bonds presume to dictate terms?

JOAN.

Do it betimes—full soon it must be done.
Never will France the yoke of England bear;
No, this can never be;—'twould sooner yawn
As one great sepulchre to whelm your hosts.
Your best have fallen in battle; now bethink
Your safe return: your glory and renown
Have paled already, and your might is gone.

ISABEAU.

How can you brook her wild defiant scorn?

SCENE X.—*A Captain enters in haste.*

CAPTAIN.

Haste, General, haste to draw your battle up:
The French with flying banners swift advance,
And all the valley glitters with their arms.

JOAN (*exultingly*).

The French advance! now, haughty England, now,
Forth to the battle-field—your mettle prove.

FASTOLF.

Insensate raver, moderate thy joy,
Thou shalt not see the ending of this day.

JOAN.

Let France but triumph, and I'll gladly die;
Her valiant sons will need my arm no more.

LIONEL.

I scorn these weaklings; have we not ere now
Chased them before us in a score of fights,
Ere yet this hero-maiden led them on;
I all the race despise save her alone;
And now they've cast her forth—Ho! Fastolf, come,
We'll treat them now to such another day
As those we fought at Cressy and Poitiers.
The while, my Queen, keep post within this tower,
And watch the maiden till the combat's o'er;
I leave you fifty cavaliers for guard.

FASTOLF.

What! shall we sally forth to meet the foe,
And leave this blustering Fury in our rear?

JOAN.

Fear ye a fettered girl?

LIONEL.

Give me thy word,
Joanna, that thou wilt not seek to flee.

JOAN.

My single thought is only to be free.

ISABEAU.

Lay threefold bonds on her—I'll pledge my life
That she shall not escape from out our hands.
(*They redouble her bonds.*)

LIONEL (*to* JOAN).

Thy will compels us—all yet rests with thee;
Renounce thy country—bear the English flag,
And thou art free; and all these furious bands,
Who clamour for thy blood, shall be thy slaves.

FASTOLF (*with urgency*).

Forth, forth, my General!

JOAN (*to* LIONEL).

E'en spare thy words;
The French advance. Now look to thy defence.
(*Trumpets are heard.* LIONEL *hastens out.*)

FASTOLF (*to* ISABEAU).

Your Majesty well knows her duty here;
If Fate declare against us; if you see
Our bands fall back in flight——

ISABEAU (*drawing a dagger*).

Be well assured
She shall not live to witness our defeat.

FASTOLF (*to* JOAN).

Thou knowst what fate awaits thee—now entreat
Success unto thy country's arms!—

(*He goes.*)

SCENE XI.—ISABEAU. JOAN. *Soldiers.*

JOAN.

Ay, that I will!
Herein shall no man hinder me—Hark! hark!
That is my people's battle march—How blithe
And conquest-heralding it stirs my heart!
Ruin to England—victory to France!
On, brave ones, on; the Maiden is at hand:
She may not wave her banner in your van,
As was her wont; for fetters bind her form;
But her free spirit hovers o'er ye still,
Borne on the pinions of your battle-song!

ISABEAU (*to a soldier*).

Climb to the watch-tower yonder which commands
The battle-field, and tell us how it fares.

(*Soldier ascends the tower.*)

JOAN.

Courage, my people; 'tis your final field;
One victory more, and then the foe lies low!

ISABEAU (*to soldier on the watch-tower*).

What seest thou?

SOLDIER.

Even now the squadrons meet;
A furious knight upon a foaming barb,
With tiger housings, leads the Frenchmen on.

JOAN.

'Tis Count Dunois!—on, valiant champion, on,
Victory waits thee——

SOLDIER.

The Burgundian Duke
Attacks the bridge——

ISABEAU.

Oh! would that twenty spears
Might pierce the traitor's false and dastard heart!

SOLDIER.

Lord Fastolf manfully confronts the Duke;
The Britons and Burgundians dismount,
And wage a furious combat hand to hand.

ISABEAU.

Seest thou the Dauphin; canst thou not discern
The royal standard?

SOLDIER.

All the combatants
Are whelmed in dust; I can distinguish nought.

JOAN.

Had he mine eye, or if I yonder stood,
No feature of the fray would 'scape my ken;

The wild fowl I can count upon the wing,
And mark the falcon in his airy flight.

SOLDIER.

A fearful melée rages at the fosse;
The best and noblest seem to combat there.

ISABEAU.

Still waves our banner?

SOLDIER.

Ay, it waves aloft.

JOAN.

Could I but spy some crevice in the wall,
My very look would guide the combat's course!

SOLDIER.

Alack! what see I now—our leader stands
Hemmed round——

ISABEAU (*drawing her dagger on* JOAN).

Die, wretch!

SOLDIER (*suddenly*).

Nay, now he's free once more;
The doughty Fastolf falls upon their rear,
And bursts into the thickest of their ranks!

ISABEAU (*lowering her dagger*).

Thine angel spake it!

SOLDIER.

Victory!—they flee!

ISABEAU.

Who flee?

SOLDIER.

The French and the Burgundians flee;
The plain is covered with their fugitives.

JOAN.

Oh! God, thou wilt not thus abandon me!

SOLDIER.

A sorely wounded man is borne along,
And numbers haste to help him—'tis a prince.

ISABEAU.

Is't one of ours; or is he of the French?

SOLDIER.

They loose his helmet—It is Count Dunois.

JOAN (*grappling her fetters with convulsive efforts*).

And here a fettered woman I must lie!

SOLDIER.

But who is he the azure mantle wears
Broidered with gold?

JOAN (*with enthusiasm*).

It is my lord the King!

SOLDIER.

His courser starts—o'erbalances—and falls;
The rider scarce can extricate himself;

(JOAN *follows these words with signs of passionate anxiety.*)

Our people dash impetuous to the spot—
See, now they reach him—they surround him now.

JOAN.

Hath heaven no ministering angel left?

ISABEAU (*mocking her*).

Now is thy time; now, boasted saviour, save!

JOAN (*falls on her knees, and prays with vehement fervour*).

Hear me, my God, in this supremest need;
Up, up to Thee in fervent, glowing prayer,
Unto Thy heavenly throne I lift my soul.
Thou canst make e'en the puny spider's web
Stark as the cable of a stately ship;
'Tis a light thing to Thine omnipotence
To soften bands of steel to spiders' webs;
If Thou so will, these fetters shall be riven,
This tower be rent in sunder—Thou didst help
Samson of old when, blind and bound with chains,
He bore his haughty enemies' bitter mocks;
With faith he grasped the pillars of their hall,
Then bowed himself, and hurled the structure down.

SOLDIER.

Triumph and victory!

ISABEAU.

What now?

SOLDIER.

The King
Is taken!

JOAN (*springing up*).

Now, my God, be merciful!

(*Seizing her fetters with both hands, with superhuman force she bursts them asunder; darts on the nearest soldier; snatches his sword, and rushes forth. All stand transfixed with amazement.*)

SCENE XII.

ISABEAU (*after a long pause of stupefaction*).

What's this? or did I dream—How gat she hence?
How could she burst these ponderous iron bonds?
Ne'er could I such a marvel have believed,
Had I not seen it with my very eyes.

SOLDIER (*on the watch-tower*).

How!—Hath she wings—or did the hurtling wind
Waft her below?

ISABEAU.

Say, is she on the plain?

SOLDIER.

She stalks amid the strife; her course outstrips
My ken—now here, now yonder is she seen;
And everywhere at once she seems to be!
She cleaves the squadrons; all fall back from her;
The Frenchmen rally and re-form their ranks;
Alas! what see I now? our people hurl
Their arms upon the ground—our standards sink!

ISABEAU.

What, will she wrest the victory from our grasp?

SOLDIER.

Straight to the King she hastes—she gains his side;
And tears him forcibly from out the press;
Lord Fastolf falls!—our general is ta'en!

ISABEAU.

I'll hear no more of it—down from thy perch!

SOLDIER.

Flee, Queen! or swift they will surprise you here;
Armed bands are hastening to assault the tower.

(*He descends.*)

ISABEAU (*drawing her sword*).

Then fight, ye cowards!——

SCENE XIII.—*Enter to the preceding,* LA HIRE *and soldiers. On their approach the followers of the Queen lay down their arms.*

LA HIRE.

Queen, submit yourself
To overmastering force; your cavaliers
Have yielded: all resistance is in vain:
Accept my services, and name the spot
You would be brought to——

ISABEAU.

Every spot's alike
Where I encounter not the Dauphin's sight.

(*She surrenders her sword, and follows him, accompanied by her soldiers.*)

SCENE XIV.—*The battle-field. In the background, soldiers with waving standards. In front of them the King and the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *bearing in their arms* JOAN *mortally wounded, and without a sign of life. They advance slowly.* AGNES SOREL *bursts in.*

AGNES (*throwing herself on the breast of the King*).

You're free—you live—I clasp you once again!

CHARLES (*pointing to* JOAN).

Ay, I am free—but oh! at what a price!

AGNES.

Joanna!—God, she dies!

BURGUNDY.

Her course is run!
Ah! see an angel's flitting—see her lie
Painless and tranquil, like a sleeping child;
The peace of Heaven around her features plays;
No breath heaves now her bosom; yet the spark
Of life still lingers in her glowing palm.

CHARLES.

She's gone! ah! never more she'll wake again;
Her eye no more shall view the things of earth;
Her sainted soul already floats on high,
Never to know our grief and our remorse.

AGNES.

She opes her eyes! She lives!

BURGUNDY (*amazed*).

Doth she return
Back from the tomb, and conquer death itself?
She lifts herself!—She stands!

JOAN (*slowly arising and looking round*).

What scene is this?

BURGUNDY.

Thou'rt with thy people, Joan, amid thine own!

CHARLES.

Clasped in thy friends', ay, in thy monarch's arms!

JOAN (*after gazing at him long as in a stupor*).

No—I'm no sorceress—no sorceress—
Oh, no!

CHARLES.

Thou'rt holy as the angels are;
Our feeble eyes were dimmed by error's night.

JOAN (*looking around her, and serenely smiling*).

And am I truly now amid my folk?
Am I no more rejected and despised?
Men curse me not; but look on me with love!
Ay—now I clearly recognise the scene;
Here stands my King—here France's banners stand!
But where's mine own?—My banner is not here!
Without my flag I may not meet my God;
'Twas trusted to me by my Master's hand;
And I must lay it down before His throne;
I well may show it, for I bore it true.

CHARLES (*with averted face*).

Give her the banner!

(*They hand it to her; she stands erect and unsupported, with the banner in her hand. The sky is illumined with a roseate radiance.*)

JOAN.

See ye the rainbow yonder in the sky?
'Tis heaven that opens wide its golden gates;
Radiant She stands amid the angel choir,
And clasps the Eternal Son unto her breast;
Smiling, to greet me, She extends her arms—
My senses swim!—Light clouds upheave my form—
My ponderous corslet turns to soaring wings—
Up! up! Earth slowly dwindles from my view—
Sorrow is fleeting—Joy endures for aye!

(*The banner falls from her hand, and she sinks lifeless to the ground. All stand long in speechless emotion. At a signal from the King they pile all their banners on her body, and shroud it totally from view.*)

NOTES.

NOTES.

Prologue. Scene II. Line 23.

Let be, sir; chide her not, good Father Arc.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, vii. 303—

Ἥρως, μή μοι τοῦνεκ' ἀμύμονα νείκεε κούρην.

Prologue. Scene II. Line 84.

She blushes for her lowly state; since God
With peerless charms her person hath endowed,
And graced her mind with rare and wondrous gifts.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, ii. 116—

Τὰ φρονέουσ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἃ οἱ πέρι δῶκεν Ἀθήνη,
Ἔργα τ' ἐπίστασθαι περικαλλέα, καὶ φρένας ἔσθλὰς,
Κέρδεά θ', etc.

Prologue. Scene III. Line 64.

And as the sombre squadrons of the bees
Swarm round the hive in summer's glowing days.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, ii. 87—

Ἠΰτε ἔθνεα εἶσι μελισσάων ἀδινάων.

And Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 707, etc.—

Ac velut in pratis ubi apes aestate serena
Floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum
Lilia funduntur, strepit omnis murmure campus.

PROLOGUE. SCENE III. LINE 66.

Or clouds of locusts from the darkened sky
Descending, mile on mile the hapless fields
O'erspread in dense innumerable throng.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xxi. 12—

Ὡς δ' ὀθ' ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς πυρὸς ἀκρίδες ἠερέθονται.

PROLOGUE. SCENE III. LINE 71.

And the mixed Babel of their varied tongues
Confounds the camp with vague discordant din.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, ii. 804—

Ἄλλη δ' ἄλλων γλῶσσα πολυσπερέων ἀνθρώπων.

And the same, iv. 437-8—

Οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἦεν ὁμὸς θρόος, οὐδ' ἴα γῆρυς,
Ἀλλὰ γλῶσσ' ἐμέμικτο, πολύκλητοι δ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες.

PROLOGUE. SCENE III. LINE 94.

Dread Salisbury, the shatterer of towns.

Compare this, and the German Mauernzertrümmerer, with Homer's Πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεύς; and Ἄρης τειχεσιπλήτης. Urbium vastator.

PROLOGUE. SCENE III. LINE 157.

Down from the heavens she'll drag his swelling fame,
Now lifted to the level of the stars.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, xv. 329—

Τῶν ὕβρις τε βίη τε σιδήρεον οὐρανὸν ἵκει.

Prologue. Scene iii. Line 186.

Here tottered first the heathen's power, here first
The Cross, salvation's signal, was upreared.

The allusion in this passage is to the defeat of the Huns under Attila, by the combined Romans and Goths, in A.D. 451, near Châlons-sur-Marne, the Catalauni of Latin writers.

The Play. Act I. Scene ii. Line 31.

For this the minstrel shall with princes sit,
Since bards and kings on manhood's summits dwell.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, viii. 479—

Πᾶσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἀοιδοὶ
Τιμῆς ἔμμοροί εἰσι καὶ αἰδοῦς, οὕνεκ' ἄρα σφέας
Οἶμας Μοῦσ' ἐδίδαξε, φίλησε δὲ φῦλον ἀοιδῶν.

Act I. Scene iv. Line 53.

Ah, now I see the meaning of the words
Which once a holy nun in Clermont's walls
Prophetically whispered in mine ear.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, ix. 507—

Ὤ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δή με παλαίφατα θέσφαθ' ἱκάνει.

Act I. Scene v. Line 114.

My elder brothers have been reaped by death.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, vi. 421—

Οἱ δέ μοι ἑπτὰ κασίγνητοι ἔσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν,
Οἱ μὲν πάντες ἰῷ κίον ἤματι Ἄϊδος εἴσω.

Act I. Scene v. Line 191.

But thou'rt begotten all unfit for war.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xiii. 777—

. . . ἀνάλκιδα γείνατο μήτηρ.

Act I. Scene ix. Line 21.

. . . lo! there appeared
A wondrous prodigy before our eyes.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xi. 733—

Ἀλλὰ σφιν προπάροιθε φάνη μέγα ἔργον Ἄρηος.

Act I. Scene ix. Line 73.

She comes—Dunois, I pray you take my chair;
I'd put this wonder-maiden to the proof.

Compare Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part I., Act i., Scene 2—

Go—call her in; but first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place, etc.

Act I. Scene x. Line 24.

Had haply caused this sad and tearful war.

Compare Homer's πολύδακρυς Ἄρης, and μάχη δακρυόεσσα.

Act I. Scene x. Line 41.

What happy land did bear thee; say, who are
The blessed genitors who gave thee birth?

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xxiv. 377—

. . . μακάρων δ' ἐξ ἐσσι τοκήων.

And Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 605—

. . . Quae te tam laeta tulerunt
Saecula—qui tanti talem genuere parentes?

Act I. Scene x. Line 43.

Most reverend prelate, people call me Joan;
I'm but a simple shepherd's lowly child.

Compare Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part I., Act i., Scene 2—
Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.

Act I. Scene xi. Line 27.

He lived what time you left him; but this morn
A shot from Orleans stretched him on the earth,
E'en as he looked forth from La Tournelle's tower.

Compare Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part I., Act i., Scene 4—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand!

Act II. Scene i. Line 6.

Night's kindly shades secure us from pursuit.

Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 658—
Defensi tenebris et dono noctis opacae.

Act II. Scene ii. Line 1.

What do I hear, commanders? Cease your broils, etc.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, i. 254, etc.—

Ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιΐδα γαῖαν ἱκάνει,
Ἦ κεν γηθήσαι Πρίαμος, Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες,
. . . . . .
Εἰ σφῶϊν τάδε πάντα πυθοίατο μαρναμένοιϊν.

Act II. Scene ii. Line 59.

'Tis well; now let the kiss of brotherhood
Seal your new harmony; and may the winds
Waft to oblivion the words ye spoke.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, iv. 363—

Ἀλλ' ἴθι, ταῦτα δ' ὄπισθεν ἀρεσσόμεθ', ἤ τι κακὸν νῦν
Εἵρηται· τὰ δὲ πάντα θεοὶ μεταμώνια θεῖεν.

And *Odyssey*, viii. 408—

. . . ἔπος δ' ἔιπερ τι βέβακται
Δεινὸν, ἄφαρ τὸ φέροιεν ἀναρπάξασαι ἄελλαι.

And Sophocles, *Tr.*, 368—

. . . ἄλλα ταῦτα μὲν
Ῥείτω κατ' οὖρον.

Act II. Scene iii. Line 38.

Come, haste we now our toil-exhausted frames
With a light snatch of slumber to refresh.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, viii. 502—

Ἀλλ' ἦτοι νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ,
Δόρπα τ' ἐφοπλισόμεσθ', etc.

Act II. Scene iii. Line 40.

And then for battle with the morning's dawn.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, viii. 530—

Πρωΐ δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
. . . ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα.

And Virgil, *Æneid*, ix. 156—

Nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta diei,
Quod superest, laeti bene gestis corpora rebus
Procurate, viri, et pugnam sperate parari.

Act II. Scene vi. Line 27.

. . . but humbly will I clasp
Her knees and crave my life.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xxi. 64—

. . . ὁ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε τεθηπώς,
Γούνων ἅψασθαι μεμαώς, etc.

Act II. Scene vii. Line 10.

With untold gold he'd save his much-loved son,
If he but know I live within your camp.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, vi. 49-50—

Τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
Εἴ κεν ἐμὲ ζωὸν πεπύθοιτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.

And same, *Iliad*, x. 378—

Ζωγρεῖτ', αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐμὲ λύσομαι, ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον
Χαλκός τε, χρυσός τε, πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος
Τῶν κ' ὅμμιν χαρίσαιτο πατὴρ ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα, etc.

Also *Iliad*, xi. 131.

And Virgil, *Æneid*, x. 523, etc.—

Et genua amplectens effatur talia supplex;
Per patrios manes et spes surgentis Iuli
Te precor, hanc animam serves gnatoque patrique.
Est domus alta; jacent penitus defossa talenta
Caelati argenti; sunt auri pondera facti
Infectique mihi.

Act II. Scene vii. Line 12.

Deluded fool! abandon thought of life.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xxi. 99—

Νήπιε, μή μοι ἄποινα πιφαύσκεο μηδ' ἀγόρευε, etc.

And same, x. 447—

Μὴ δή μοι φύξιν γε, Δόλων, ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ.

Act II. Scene vii. Line 49.

Nay, then have pity for my parents sad,
Who sigh for me at home: yourself, full sure,
Have parents who are racked by care for you.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xxii. 338, etc.—

Λίσσομ' ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς, καὶ γούνων, σῶν τε τοκήων.

And Virgil, *Æneid*, xii. 930, etc.—

Ille humiles supplex oculos dextramque precantem
Protendens. . . . . .
. . . Miseri te si qua parentis
Tangere cura potest, oro—fuit et tibi talis
Anchises genitor—Dauni miserere senectae.

Act II. Scene vii. Line 79.

Ay, die! Why dost thou tremble thus at death?

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xxi. 106—

Ἀλλά, φίλος, θάνε καί σύ, τίη ὀλοφύρεαι οὕτως, etc.

Act II. Scene vii. Line 97.

Nay, if thou'rt mortal too, and canst be hurt
By mortal weapons.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xxi. 568, etc.—

Καὶ γάρ θην τούτῳ τρωτὸς χρὼς ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
Ἐν δὲ ἵα ψυχή, θνητὸν δέ ἕ φασ' ἄνθρωποι
Ἔμμεναι.

And same, xiii. 814—

. . . ἄφαρ δέ τε χεῖρες ἀμύνειν ἐισὶ καὶ ἡμῖν.

Act II. Scene x. Line 28.

What wouldst thou, Burgundy; who is the foe? etc.

Compare Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part I., Act iii., Scene 3—

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe, etc.

Act II. Scene x. Line 37.

. . . by us the face,
Even in hostile helm, must be revered
Which wears the much-loved features of our King.

Burgundy, as a prince of the house of Valois, and a kinsman of Charles, had the features of the race; and is here supposed to have resembled the King.

Act II. Scene x. Line 60.

Come back to us, thou noble renegade.

Compare Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part I., Act iii., Scene 3—

Come, come, return, return, thou wandering lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Act II. Scene x. Line 97.

What's this I feel? as if the hand of God
Did stir my bosom to its inmost core, etc.

Compare Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, Part I., Act iii., Scene 3—

Either she hath bewitched me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent, etc.

Act III. Scene i. Line 3.

And clung together firm in deadliest straits.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, xvii. 563—

. . . ὁμὴν δ' ἀνεδέγμεθ' ὀϊζύν.

Act III. Scene iv. Line 46.

Shade of my father, be not wroth that I
In friendship grasp the hand which took thy life!

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, xxiv. 592—

Μή μοι, Πάτροκλε, σκυδμαινέμεν, ἄι κε πύθηαι,
Ἔιν Ἄϊδός περ ἐών. . . .

Act III. Scene iv. Line 78.

And from the lowly huts, like that which now
Sent forth thy saviour, looms menace dark
Of ruin to thy guilt-stained followers.

A prophetic allusion to the French Revolution.

Act III. Scene iv. Line 88.

. . . but the arm of God
Shall swiftly stay its overweening growth.

The male line of the house of Burgundy ended with Philip the Bold, son of Philip the Good, who is here addressed.

Act III. Scene iv. Line 90.

Yet fear not quite the downfall of thy house,
For through a maiden it shall bloom afresh.

The reference here is to Maria of Burgundy, who married Maximilian I. Their son, Philip, having married Joanna of Castile, their descendants reigned over Austria and Spain.

Act III. Scene iv. Line 94.

These kings shall sit upon two mighty thrones,
Dictate their laws to all the world we know,
And to a new one which the hand of God
As yet conceals behind untravelled seas.

A prophetic allusion to the Spanish possessions in the new world, not at that time discovered.

Act III. Scene vi. Line 20.

Then gush, ye crimson currents of my life,
For now I loathe the very light of day.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, iv. 539-40—

. . . ὀυδε νύ μοι κῆρ
Ἤθελ' ἔτι ζώειν καὶ ὀρᾶν φάος ἠελίοιο.

Act III. Scene vi. Line 61.

Of mighty Talbot, he whose martial fame
Once filled a world, no more shall now remain
Than a poor heap of dust.

Compare Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act v., Scene 1—

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

And Juvenal, x. 147—

Expende Hannibalem ; quot libras in duce summo
Invenies? Hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro
Percussa oceano Niloque admota tepenti,
Rursus ad Aethiopum populos altosque elephantos, etc.

Act IV. Scene i. Line 17.

One joy fills every heart,
One thought fills every mind.

Compare Schiller's *Cassandra*—

Alles ist der Freude offen,
Alle Herzen sind beglückt.

Act IV. Scene i. Line 29.

Yet in this triumph by my prowess wrought,
I only may have neither lot nor part.

Compare Schiller's *Cassandra*—

Ich allein musz einsam trauern.

Act IV. Scene ix. Line 17.

Here in this strange and crowded solitude
Do I embrace my loving sisters' breasts!

Compare Schiller's *Cassandra*—

Freudlos in der Freuden Fülle
Ungesellig und allein.

Act IV. Scene x. Line 25.

But if thy home be yonder in the skies,
If in thy maiden form the spark divine
Of a celestial nature dwells concealed.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, vi. 149—

. . . θεός νύ τις, ἢ βροτὸς ἐσσί;
Εἰ μέν τις θεός ἐσσὶ τοὶ οὐρανὸν ἐυρὺν ἔχουσιν.

Act V. Scene ix. Line 41.

Never will France the yoke of England bear;
No, this can never be;—'twould sooner yawn
As one great sepulchre to whelm your hosts.

Compare Homer, *Iliad*, iv. 182—

. . . τότε μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών.

And Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 24—

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat.

Act V. Scene x. Line 1.

Haste, General, haste to draw your battle up:
The French with flying banners swift advance,
And all the valley glitters with their arms.

Compare Homer, *Odyssey*, xiv. 267, and xvii. 436—

. . . πλῆτο δὲ πᾶν πεδίον πεζῶν τε καὶ ἵππων
Χαλκοῦ τε στεροπῆς.

And *Iliad*, xiii. 339—

Ἔφριξεν δὲ μάχη φθισίμβροτος ἐγχείῃσι
Μακρῇς, etc.

And Virgil, *Æneid*, vii. 525—

. . . atraque late
Horrescit strictis seges ensibus, aeraque fulgent
Sole lacessita, et lucem sub nubila jactant.

And *Æneid*, xi. 601—

. . . tum late ferreus hastis
Horret ager, campique armis sublimibus ardent.

HISTORICAL APPENDIX.

Most people are of course familiar with the story of Joan of Arc; but it may be convenient here to recapitulate its leading features, as well as briefly to recall some of the historical circumstances which led up to and attended her remarkable career.

After the accession of the house of Valois to the throne of France, early in the fourteenth century, a dynastic war, or, more strictly speaking, a succession of such wars, raged with only occasional intermission for upwards of a hundred years between that country and England.

Although the crown of France had early been declared too noble a fief *pour tomber en quenouille*—to devolve upon a woman[1]—nevertheless, Edward the Third of England contended that it might fitly and lawfully pass *through* a female to a male successor; and inasmuch as he was by his mother's side a grandson of Philip the Fair of France, he hesitated not to assert a claim to the French throne; and he went far towards establishing the same by his victory of Cressy in 1346, and still more so by that of Poitiers gained ten years later by his heroic son Edward the Black Prince; so that eventually, in the year 1360, John, the son and successor of Philip the Sixth, was constrained to purchase

[1] See Shakespeare, *Henry V.*, Act I., Sc. ii.

peace with England by the cession of several of the western provinces of France.

Subsequently, indeed, between 1364 and 1380, Charles the Fifth of France succeeded in recovering a great part of these ceded territories; but, under the rule of the imbecile Charles the Sixth, a fresh period of disaster ensued; and now to the troubles with England were added the disorders of internecine strife.

Two rival parties fiercely contended with each other for supremacy in distracted France. The one was represented by Duke John "the Fearless" of Burgundy; the other was headed by the Duke of Orleans, and at a later period by the unprincipled and infamous Counts of Armagnac. In the crisis of this contest Henry the Fifth of England led a fresh invasion into France, and the bloody battle of Agincourt in 1415 crushed for the time the military power of the French, and all the northern part of the kingdom lay open to the victorious invader.

The successes of the English suggested to their opponents the expediency of domestic reconciliation, and now the leaders of the internal dissensions made an attempt to compose their differences, and to combine against the common foe. The Dauphin Charles, who, after the extinction of the faction of the Armagnacs, had now succeeded to the hegemony of the national cause, invited John of Burgundy to meet him in an amicable conference at the bridge of Montereau; but scarcely had the Duke arrived at that spot when he was treacherously assassinated by some of the followers of Charles, Du Chatel, according to some authorities, taking a principal part in the foul deed.

The Duke's son and successor, Philip "the Good," vowed vengeance for this odious crime, which, whether justly or not, he believed to have been instigated by

the Dauphin. He succeeded in causing the latter to be declared excluded from the succession to the throne; and he formed against him a powerful combination, in alliance with the English, strengthened by the adherence of Charles the Sixth and the active and acrimonious support of Queen Isabeau, who seems to have early conceived a bitter and implacable hostility towards her son; while Henry the Fifth of England, having married Katherine, daughter of Charles the Sixth, was appointed Regent of France, and was designated to succeed to the French throne on the death of Charles.

But the shifting political situation soon underwent a fresh change, in consequence of the death of Henry in 1422. He was succeeded by his son, Henry the Sixth, then a minor. The regency of England was filled by the young king's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester; that of France by his other uncle, the Duke of Bedford. The alliance with Burgundy was now ratified afresh; and Queen Isabeau maintained her adherence to that party. On the other hand, the Southern provinces of France preserved their allegiance to the Dauphin, who, on the death of his father shortly after that of Henry the Fifth, was by his followers proclaimed king as Charles the Seventh.

This prince was frivolous and indolent; pleasing in manners, but destitute of energy; suspicious of his followers, ungrateful to his friends. He remained sunk in heedless indulgences, while his unhappy country was reduced to the extremity of disorder, and his suffering people to the depth of poverty and distress. For a time he enjoyed a respite from the active hostility of Philip of Burgundy, who at that time was engaged in other fields of enterprise; but in the year 1428 the Duke reappeared upon the scene, and, in combination with the English, made

vigorous war on Charles. Orleans was besieged by the united British and Burgundian forces under the command of the Earl of Salisbury. Its retention was held to be of paramount importance to France. The famous Bastard of Orleans, afterwards Count Dunois, was conspicuous in his efforts for its defence or relief; and he was ably seconded by Saintrailles, La Hire, and other heroic nobles. Salisbury fell early in the siege, but it continued to be vigorously prosecuted by Talbot and other leaders, until, being hard pressed and threatened by famine, the defenders of the place proposed to surrender to the Duke of Burgundy. These overtures being disdainfully rejected by the English, the Duke withdrew in indignation. Yet, notwithstanding his defection, early in the year 1429 the fall of the city seemed to be imminently impending. The Dauphin Charles, who had been lying inactive at Chinon, a hundred and fifty leagues distant, in the valley of the Loire, between Saumur and Tours, was about to retire to the south of the kingdom, and had even thought of abdicating and seeking an asylum in Spain or Scotland. His treasury was exhausted, his troops dispersed.

In this extremity, and in the general despair of earthly aid, the superstitious temper of the time turned to hopes of miraculous intervention. Men bethought them of an ancient prophecy, ascribed to Merlin, to the effect that France should be brought by a woman to the verge of ruin, and by a woman be delivered. The baleful female was readily recognised in Queen Isabeau; but who and where was the deliverer? Men's minds were on the rack for her appearance—and she appeared.

Joan of Arc, or Jeanne d'Arc, the daughter of lowly, rustic parents, was born in January 1410, or 1412, at Dom Remi, or Domremy, a village on the confines of Lorraine

and Champagne, and comprised in the episcopal diocese of Toul. That village, together with the adjacent township of Vaucouleurs, formed a royal fief; for which reason, perhaps, and in consequence of their supposed special devotion to the royal cause, these places had suffered especially at the hands of marauding parties of the enemy, and the feelings of their inhabitants were proportionately embittered against the opponents of the Dauphin.

Joan received no sort of literary education, but was instructed only in the simplest domestic arts—in sewing, spinning, and the ordinary household duties of her humble station. She was tall in stature and handsome in appearance; and she was distinguished above her sisters and the other maidens of the district by the peculiar sweetness of her disposition, by her unrivalled industry, her pre-eminent modesty, and her ardent piety. By nature mystical and meditative, she was early and deeply moved by the political questions of the hour. Her patriotic enthusiasm was kindled to a white heat by the wrongs and the murmurs of the suffering peasantry among whom she dwelt. She grew up in intense hatred of the English and Burgundians, and in ardent devotion to the cause of France. She spent long periods in solitude and in a species of ecstatic rapture, pouring forth to God fervent prayers for the Dauphin Charles and for her groaning country, and she soon conceived the idea that she was appointed by Heaven to become the deliverer of her native land.

In her thirteenth year the enthusiastic emotions which stirred her ardent and imaginative soul began to produce palpable phenomenal effects. She believed that she saw miraculous splendours in the sky; and she heard, or thought that she heard, mysterious voices in the air urging her to supernatural action. She now vowed perpetual

celibacy, and resolved to devote herself to the accomplishment of her supposed divine mission for the rescue of France. Some years later her mystical illusions increased in intensity and vividness. She believed that she beheld the Archangel Michael, and that she heard him calling on her to go to the assistance of the Dauphin, while Saint Catharine, Saint Margaret, and others of the saints, also seemed to appear to her, and to add their entreaties to the same end.

Early in the course of the siege of Orleans, encouraged and aided by her uncle, who credited her mission, she repaired to Robert de Baudricour, or Baudricourt, the commandant and governor of Vaucouleurs, and entreated him to send or conduct her to the Dauphin. With much difficulty, and after considerable delay, in February 1429 she at length prevailed on him to accede to her request. Under the escort of the Sires de Metz and De Poulengy she reached the camp of the Dauphin at Chinon. But here she encountered fresh difficulties and obstacles. The sceptical and scoffing courtiers around Charles mocked at her pretensions, and tried to dissuade him from receiving her; but other influences, and notably that of a deputation from Orleans, which at that time happened to be waiting on him to implore his aid in the defence of their hard-pressed city, induced him to admit her to an audience.

In order to test her alleged supernatural knowledge, or her mere human penetration, he set up one of his train to represent him, while he himself mingled in the throng of courtiers. Yet, though these and other artifices were employed with the view of deceiving her, she immediately singled out Charles, and in a private interview impressed him so profoundly by divining his inmost thoughts, and stating the purport of his most secret prayers, that she

completely gained his confidence. The Church, the University, and the Parliament declared themselves in favour of her mission, and her services were formally accepted.

She now assumed male attire, and donned a suit of white armour. At her own request she was furnished with a particular ancient sword, described by herself, and found by her direction in the church of Saint Catharine at Fierbois, or Fierboys. She bore a snow-white banner, *Semé* with *fleurs de lis*, and charged with a device which she said had been prescribed to her by the Virgin Mary, and which displayed on one side the Deity enthroned on clouds, on the other the royal arms of France with angelic supporters. Thus equipped, and followed by a force of six thousand men, she forthwith entered on her remarkable career. Orleans was speedily relieved; post after post was wrung from the combined English and Burgundians, and soon the siege was raised. The presence of Joan everywhere filled the French with resistless ardour, and paralysed the English by supernatural panic. As Dunois recorded at the time, "before the maiden came, two hundred Englishmen used to rout a thousand of the French; now five hundred Frenchmen are more than equal to the entire English power."

Charles's troops were now recruited and re-organised. Chalons, Troyes, and numerous other towns quickly submitted. Successful actions were fought in the field. Talbot and Suffolk were taken prisoners. Rheims opened its gates; and Charles was there solemnly crowned on the 17th of July 1429.

Joan now endeavoured to persuade Philip of Burgundy to be reconciled with Charles, and to unite his forces to those of the king; although this desirable consummation was not effected until the assembly of the Congress of

Arras in 1435. Nevertheless, continued success attended the arms of the king under the magic influence of the Maid; victory succeeded to victory; city after city opened its gates to Charles; and Joan was ennobled, and her native village was declared exempt from imposts of every kind; an exemption which it continued to enjoy for more than three hundred years.

But at length fortune seemed to turn against her when the army failed in its attack on Paris, in which she herself was severely wounded. The belief of the soldiery in her *prestige* now began to wane, and she seemed to have lost something of her own confident exaltation—the Voices no longer spoke to her. Finally, on the 21st of May 1430, she threw herself into the fortress of Compiègne, then besieged by the Duke of Burgundy. In a sally from that place she was treacherously abandoned by William de Flavy, the governor of the fortress, who is believed to have been jealous of her renown. She was taken prisoner, and, after sundry vicissitudes, she was sold to the English by John of Luxemburg for ten thousand livres.

After undergoing much harsh and unworthy treatment at the hands of her gaolers, she was ultimately arraigned on a charge of witchcraft before a tribunal of ecclesiastics under the presidency of Pierre Cauchon, the base and cruel Bishop of Beauvais, and of the Vicar-General of the Inquisition, Jean Lemaître. The proceedings of this tribunal wore only the semblance of a judicial investigation. It was little better than a mockery of justice. The unhappy Maid was forejudged and foredoomed. Her bearing throughout was characterised by the loftiest courage and the most calm discretion. The primary object of her persecutors being to break the spell of her reputation, and to degrade her in the opinion of the world, she was first induced to sign a formal

instrument of abjuration, and she was then pronounced guilty of heresy and sorcery, and was sentenced to imprisonment for the remainder of her life. But none the less her death was determined on. Having by foul means persuaded or compelled her to resume male attire, her persecutors now pronounced her a relapsed heretic; she was condemned to death, and was burnt at the stake in the market-place at Rouen on the 30th of May 1431.

The shameful treatment of this noble and remarkable woman has ever justly been held to reflect the deepest disgrace on all concerned in it—on the leaders of the English who sanctioned and countenanced it—on her unworthy countrymen who accused and condemned her—but most of all on Charles the Seventh of France, who owed so much to her support, and who is believed to have made no effort to save her from her cruel fate. But her mission was accomplished; and mainly by her means the invaders were shortly and finally expelled from France.

There is a sort of grim irony in the unprofitable fact that, twenty-five years after her death, Pope Calixtus the Third, yielding to the entreaties of her family, now ennobled under the name of De Lys, formally reversed the finding of the court which had condemned her, and pronounced its proceedings to be null and void!

The credulous populace, cherishing the memory of her grand career, long continued to believe that she still lived; so much so that, five years after her execution, on the appearance of an impostor who pretended to be Joan, escaped or released from her captivity, they believed that it was she; and even her own brothers avowed their conviction that it was none other than their celebrated sister.

P. M.

THE WALTER SCOTT PRESS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THE WORLD'S LITERARY MASTERPIECES.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY.

Maroon Cloth, Gilt. Price 1s. net per Volume.

VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED—

1 MALORY'S ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR AND THE Quest of the Holy Grail. Edited by Ernest Rhys.

2 THOREAU'S WALDEN. WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE by Will H. Dircks.

3 THOREAU'S "WEEK." WITH PREFATORY NOTE BY Will H. Dircks.

4 THOREAU'S ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, by Will H. Dircks.

5 CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, ETC. By Thomas De Quincey. With Introductory Note by William Sharp.

6 LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS. SELECTED, with Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.

7 PLUTARCH'S LIVES (LANGHORNE). WITH INTRODUCTORY Note by B. J. Snell, M.A.

8 BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI, ETC. WITH INTRODUCTION by J. Addington Symonds.

9 SHELLEY'S ESSAYS AND LETTERS. EDITED, WITH Introductory Note, by Ernest Rhys.

10 SWIFT'S PROSE WRITINGS. CHOSEN AND ARRANGED, with Introduction, by Walter Lewin.

11 MY STUDY WINDOWS. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. With Introduction by R. Garnett, LL.D.

12 LOWELL'S ESSAYS ON THE ENGLISH POETS. WITH a new Introduction by Mr. Lowell.

13 THE BIGLOW PAPERS. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. With a Prefatory Note by Ernest Rhys.

14 GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS. SELECTED FROM Cunningham's *Lives*. Edited by William Sharp.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,

LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

15 BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS. SELECTED, with Introduction, by Mathilde Blind.

16 LEIGH HUNT'S ESSAYS. WITH INTRODUCTION AND Notes by Arthur Symons.

17 LONGFELLOW'S "HYPERION," "KAVANAGH," AND "The Trouveres." With Introduction by W. Tirebuck.

18 GREAT MUSICAL COMPOSERS. BY G. F. FERRIS. Edited, with Introduction, by Mrs. William Sharp.

19 THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS. EDITED by Alice Zimmern.

20 THE TEACHING OF EPICTETUS. TRANSLATED FROM the Greek, with Introduction and Notes, by T. W. Rolleston.

21 SELECTIONS FROM SENECA. WITH INTRODUCTION by Walter Clode.

22 SPECIMEN DAYS IN AMERICA. BY WALT WHITMAN. Revised by the Author, with fresh Preface.

23 DEMOCRATIC VISTAS, AND OTHER PAPERS. BY Walt Whitman. (Published by arrangement with the Author.)

24 WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. WITH a Preface by Richard Jefferies.

25 DEFOE'S CAPTAIN SINGLETON. EDITED, WITH Introduction, by H. Halliday Sparling.

26 MAZZINI'S ESSAYS: LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND Religious. With Introduction by William Clarke.

27 PROSE WRITINGS OF HEINE. WITH INTRODUCTION by Havelock Ellis.

28 REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES. WITH INTRODUCTION by Helen Zimmern.

29 PAPERS OF STEELE AND ADDISON. EDITED BY Walter Lewin.

30 BURNS'S LETTERS. SELECTED AND ARRANGED, with Introduction, by J. Logie Robertson, M.A.

31 VOLSUNGA SAGA. William Morris. WITH INTRODUCTION by H. H. Sparling.

The Walter Scott Publishing Company, Limited,
London and Felling-on-Tyne.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

32 SARTOR RESARTUS BY THOMAS CARLYLE. WITH Introduction by Ernest Rhys.

33 SELECT WRITINGS OF EMERSON. WITH INTRODUCTION by Percival Chubb.

34 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LORD HERBERT. EDITED, with an Introduction, by Will H. Dircks.

35 ENGLISH PROSE, FROM MAUNDEVILLE TO Thackeray. Chosen and Edited by Arthur Galton.

36 THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY, AND OTHER PLAYS. BY Henrik Ibsen. Edited, with an Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.

37 IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES. EDITED AND Selected by W. B. Yeats.

38 ESSAYS OF DR. JOHNSON, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL Introduction and Notes by Stuart J. Reid.

39 ESSAYS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. SELECTED AND Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Frank Carr.

40 LANDOR'S PENTAMERON AND OTHER IMAGINARY Conversations. Edited, with a Preface, by H. Ellis.

41 POE'S TALES AND ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, by Ernest Rhys.

42 VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Edited, with Preface, by Ernest Rhys.

43 POLITICAL ORATIONS, FROM WENTWORTH TO Macaulay. Edited, with Introduction, by William Clarke.

44 THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. BY Oliver Wendell Holmes.

45 THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. BY OLIVER Wendell Holmes.

46 THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. BY Oliver Wendell Holmes.

47 LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON. Selected, with Introduction, by Charles Sayle.

48 STORIES FROM CARLETON. SELECTED, WITH INTRODUCTION, by W. Yeats.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

49 JANE EYRE. BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË. EDITED BY Clement K. Shorter.

50 ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND. EDITED BY LOTHROP Withington, with a Preface by Dr. Furnivall.

51 THE PROSE WRITINGS OF THOMAS DAVIS. EDITED by T. W. Rolleston.

52 SPENCE'S ANECDOTES. A SELECTION. EDITED, with an Introduction and Notes, by John Underhill.

53 MORE'S UTOPIA, AND LIFE OF EDWARD V. EDITED, with an Introduction, by Maurice Adams.

54 SADI'S GULISTAN, OR FLOWER GARDEN. TRANSlated, with an Essay, by James Ross.

55 ENGLISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES. EDITED BY E. Sidney Hartland.

56 NORTHERN STUDIES. BY EDMUND GOSSE. WITH a Note by Ernest Rhys.

57 EARLY REVIEWS OF GREAT WRITERS. EDITED BY E. Stevenson.

58 ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS. WITH GEORGE HENRY Lewes's Essay on Aristotle prefixed.

59 LANDOR'S PERICLES AND ASPASIA. EDITED, WITH an Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.

60 ANNALS OF TACITUS. THOMAS GORDON'S TRANSlation. Edited, with an Introduction, by Arthur Galton.

61 ESSAYS OF ELIA. BY CHARLES LAMB. EDITED, with an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.

62 BALZAC'S SHORTER STORIES. TRANSLATED BY William Wilson and the Count Stenbock.

63 COMEDIES OF DE MUSSET. EDITED, WITH AN Introductory Note, by S. L. Gwynn.

64 CORAL REEFS. BY CHARLES DARWIN. EDITED, with an Introduction, by Dr. J. W. Williams.

65 SHERIDAN'S PLAYS. EDITED, WITH AN INTROduction, by Rudolf Dircks.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

65 OUR VILLAGE. BY MISS MITFORD. EDITED, WITH an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.

67 MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, AND OTHER STORIES. By Charles Dickens. With Introduction by Frank T. Marzials.

68 OXFORD MOVEMENT, THE. BEING A SELECTION from "Tracts for the Times." Edited, with an Introduction, by William G. Hutchison.

69 ESSAYS AND PAPERS BY DOUGLAS JERROLD. EDITED by Walter Jerrold.

70 VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN. BY Mary Wollstonecraft. Introduction by Mrs. E. Robins Pennell.

71 "THE ATHENIAN ORACLE" A SELECTION. EDITED by John Underhill, with Prefatory Note by Walter Besant.

72 ESSAYS OF SAINTE-BEUVE. TRANSLATED AND Edited, with an Introduction, by Elizabeth Lee.

73 SELECTIONS FROM PLATO. FROM THE TRANSlation of Sydenham and Taylor. Edited by T. W. Rolleston.

74 HEINE'S ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES, ETC. TRANSlated by Elizabeth A. Sharp. With an Introduction from the French of Theophile Gautier.

75 SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS. TRANSLATED, with an Introduction, by Major-General Patrick Maxwell.

76 SELECTIONS FROM SYDNEY SMITH. EDITED, WITH an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.

77 THE NEW SPIRIT. BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

78 THE BOOK OF MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES. FROM the "Morte d'Arthur." Edited by Ernest Rhys. (This, together with No. 1, forms the complete "Morte d'Arthur.")

79 ESSAYS AND APHORISMS. BY SIR ARTHUR HELPS. With an Introduction by E. A. Helps.

80 ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. SELECTED, WITH A Prefatory Note, by Percival Chubb.

81 THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON. BY W. M. Thackeray. Edited by F. T. Marzials.

82 SCHILLER'S WILLIAM TELL. TRANSLATED, WITH an Introduction, by Major-General Patrick Maxwell.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,

LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

83 CARLYLE'S ESSAYS ON GERMAN LITERATURE. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys.

84 PLAYS AND DRAMATIC ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rudolph Dircks.

85 THE PROSE OF WORDSWORTH. SELECTED AND Edited, with an Introduction, by Professor William Knight.

86 ESSAYS, DIALOGUES, AND THOUGHTS OF COUNT Giacomo Leopardi. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Major-General Patrick Maxwell.

87 THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL. A RUSSIAN COMEDY. By Nikolai V. Gogol. Translated from the original, with an Introduction and Notes, by Arthur A. Sykes.

88 ESSAYS AND APOTHEGMS OF FRANCIS, LORD BACON. Edited, with an Introduction, by John Buchan.

89 PROSE OF MILTON. SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH an Introduction, by Richard Garnett, LL.D.

90 THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO. TRANSLATED BY Thomas Taylor, with an Introduction by Theodore Wratislaw.

91 PASSAGES FROM FROISSART. WITH AN INTRO- duction by Frank T. Marzials.

92 THE PROSE AND TABLE TALK OF COLERIDGE. Edited by Will H. Dircks.

93 HEINE IN ART AND LETTERS. TRANSLATED BY Elizabeth A. Sharp.

94 SELECTED ESSAYS OF DE QUINCEY. WITH AN Introduction by Sir George Douglas, Bart.

95 VASARI'S LIVES OF ITALIAN PAINTERS. SELECTED and Prefaced by Havelock Ellis.

96 LAOCOON, AND OTHER PROSE WRITINGS OF LESSING. A new Translation by W. B. Rönnfeldt.

97 PELLEAS AND MELISANDA, AND THE SIGHTLESS. Two Plays by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated from the French by Laurence Alma Tadema.

98 THE COMPLETE ANGLER OF WALTON AND COTTON. Edited, with an Introduction, by Charles Hill Dick.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,

LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

99 LESSING'S NATHAN THE WISE. TRANSLATED BY Major-General Patrick Maxwell.

100 THE POETRY OF THE CELTIC RACES, AND OTHER Essays of Ernest Renan. Translated by W. G. Hutchison.

101 CRITICISMS, REFLECTIONS, AND MAXIMS OF GOETHE. Translated, with an Introduction, by W. B. Rönnfeldt.

102 ESSAYS OF SCHOPENHAUER. TRANSLATED BY Mrs. Rudolf Dircks. With an Introduction.

103 RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS. TRANSLATED, WITH AN Introduction, by William G. Hutchison.

104 THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE. EDITED, with an Introduction, by Arthur Symons.

105 THE PRINCIPLES OF SUCCESS IN LITERATURE. By George Henry Lewes. Edited by T. Sharper Knowlson.

106 THE LIVES OF DR. JOHN DONNE, SIR HENRY WOTTON, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Izaac Walton. Edited, with an Introduction, by Charles Hill Dick.

107 POLITICAL ECONOMY: EXPOSITIONS OF ITS Fundamental Doctrines. Selected, with an Introduction, by W. B. Robertson, M.A.

108 RENAN'S ANTICHRIST. TRANSLATED, WITH AN Introduction, by W. G. Hutchison.

109 ORATIONS OF CICERO. SELECTED AND EDITED, with an Introduction, by Fred. W. Norris.

110 REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE. By Edmund Burke. With an Introduction by George Sampson.

111 THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY. SERIES I. Translated, with an Introductory Essay, by John B. Firth, B.A., Late Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

112 THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY. SERIES II. Translated by John B. Firth, B.A.

113 SELECTED THOUGHTS OF BLAISE PASCAL. TRANSlated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Gertrude Burford Rawlings.

114 SCOTS ESSAYISTS: FROM STIRLING TO STEVENSON. Edited, with an Introduction, by Oliphant Smeaton.

115 ON LIBERTY. BY JOHN STUART MILL. WITH AN Introduction by W. L. Courtney.

116 THE DISCOURSE ON METHOD AND METAPHYSICAL Meditations of René Descartes. Translated, with Introduction, by Gertrude B. Rawlings.

117 KÂLIDÂSA'S SAKUNTALÂ, Etc. EDITED, WITH AN Introduction, by T. Holme.

118 NEWMAN'S UNIVERSITY SKETCHES. EDITED, WITH Introduction, by George Sampson.

119 NEWMAN'S SELECT ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH AN Introduction, by George Sampson.

120 RENAN'S MARCUS AURELIUS. TRANSLATED, WITH an Introduction, by William G. Hutchison.

121 FROUDE'S NEMESIS OF FAITH. WITH AN INTROduction by William G. Hutchison.

122 WHAT IS ART? BY LEO TOLSTOY. TRANSLATED from the Original Russian MS., with Introduction, by Aylmer Maude.

123 HUME'S POLITICAL ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH AN Introduction, by W. B. Robertson.

124 SINGOALLA: A MEDIÆVAL LEGEND. BY VIKTOR Rydberg.

125 PETRONIUS—TRIMALCHIO'S BANQUET. TRANSlated by Michael J. Ryan.

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Richly Gilt. Price 3s. 6d.

Musicians' Wit, Humour, and Anecdote:

BEING

ON DITS OF COMPOSERS, SINGERS, AND INSTRUMENTALISTS OF ALL TIMES.

By FREDERICK J. CROWEST,

Author of "The Great Tone Poets," "The Story of British Music"; Editor of "The Master Musicians" Series, etc., etc.

Profusely Illustrated with Quaint Drawings by J. P. DONNE.

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY:—

"It is one of those delightful medleys of anecdote of all times, seasons, and persons, in every page of which there is a new specimen of humour, strange adventure, and quaint saying."—T. P. O'CONNOR in *T. P.'s Weekly.*

"A remarkable collection of good stories which must have taken years of perseverance to get together."—*Morning Leader.*

"A book which should prove acceptable to two large sections of the public—those who are interested in musicians and those who have an adequate sense of the comic."—*Globe.*

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

The Makers of British Art.

A NEW SERIES OF MONOGRAPHS OF BRITISH PAINTERS.

Each volume illustrated with Twenty Full-page Reproductions and a Photogravure Portrait.

Square Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Deckled Edges, 3s. 6d. net.

VOLUMES READY.

LANDSEER, Sir Edwin. By James A. Manson.

REYNOLDS, Sir Joshua. By Elsa d'Esterre-Keeling.

TURNER, J. M. W. By Robert Chignell, Author of "The Life and Paintings of Vicat Cole, R.A."

ROMNEY, George. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., F.R.S., M.P.

"Likely to remain the best account of the painter's life."—*Athenæum.*

WILKIE, Sir David. By Professor Bayne.

CONSTABLE, John. By the Earl of Plymouth.

RAEBURN, Sir Henry. By Edward Pinnington.

GAINSBOROUGH, Thomas. By A. E. Fletcher.

HOGARTH, William. By Prof. G. Baldwin Brown.

MOORE, Henry. By Frank J. Maclean.

LEIGHTON, Lord. By Edgcumbe Staley.

MORLAND, George. By D. H. Wilson, M.A., LL.M.

WILSON, Richard. By Beaumont Fletcher.

MILLAIS, Sir John Everett. By J. Eadie Reid.

The Walter Scott Publishing Company, Limited,
London and Felling-on-Tyne.

Crown 8vo, about 350 pp. each, Cloth Cover, 2/6 per Vol.;
Half-Polished Morocco, Gilt Top, 5s.

Count Tolstoy's Works.

The following Volumes are already issued—

A RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR.
THE COSSACKS.
IVAN ILYITCH, AND OTHER STORIES.
MY RELIGION.
LIFE.
MY CONFESSION.
CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD, YOUTH.
THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WAR.
ANNA KARÉNINA. 3/6.
WHAT TO DO?
WAR AND PEACE. (4 vols.)
THE LONG EXILE, ETC.
SEVASTOPOL.
THE KREUTZER SONATA, AND FAMILY HAPPINESS.
THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.
WORK WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT.
THE GOSPEL IN BRIEF.

Uniform with the above—

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA. By Dr. GEORG BRANDES.

Post 4to, Cloth, Price 1s.

PATRIOTISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

To which is appended a Reply to Criticisms of the Work.
By COUNT TOLSTOY.

1/- Booklets by Count Tolstoy.

Bound in White Grained Boards, with Gilt Lettering.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO.
THE TWO PILGRIMS.
WHAT MEN LIVE BY.
THE GODSON.
IF YOU NEGLECT THE FIRE, YOU DON'T PUT IT OUT.
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

2/- Booklets by Count Tolstoy.

NEW EDITIONS, REVISED.

Small 12mo, Cloth, with Embossed Design on Cover, each containing Two Stories by Count Tolstoy, and Two Drawings by H. R. Millar. In Box, Price 2s. each.

Volume I. contains—
WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO.
THE GODSON.

Volume II. contains—
WHAT MEN LIVE BY.
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

Volume III. contains—
THE TWO PILGRIMS.
IF YOU NEGLECT THE FIRE, YOU DON'T PUT IT OUT.

Volume IV. contains—
MASTER AND MAN.

Volume V. contains—
TOLSTOY'S PARABLES.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 3s. 6d. each; some vols., 6s.

The Contemporary Science Series.

EDITED BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Illustrated Vols. between 300 and 400 pp. each.

EVOLUTION OF SEX. By Professors GEDDES and THOMSON. 6s.
ELECTRICITY IN MODERN LIFE. By G. W. DE TUNZELMANN.
THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS. By Dr. TAYLOR.
PHYSIOGNOMY AND EXPRESSION. By P. MANTEGAZZA.
EVOLUTION AND DISEASE. By J. B. SUTTON.
THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY. By G. L. GOMME.
THE CRIMINAL. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. New Edition. 6s.
SANITY AND INSANITY. By Dr. C. MERCIER.
HYPNOTISM. By Dr. ALBERT MOLL (Berlin). New and Enlarged Edition. 6s.
MANUAL TRAINING. By Dr. WOODWARD (St. Louis).
SCIENCE OF FAIRY TALES. By E. S. HARTLAND.
PRIMITIVE FOLK. By ELIE RECLUS.
EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE. By CH. LETOURNEAU.
BACTERIA AND THEIR PRODUCTS. By Dr. WOODHEAD.
EDUCATION AND HEREDITY By J. M. GUYAU.
THE MAN OF GENIUS. By Prof. LOMBROSO.
PROPERTY: ITS ORIGIN. By CH. LETOURNEAU.
VOLCANOES PAST AND PRESENT. By Prof. HULL.
PUBLIC HEALTH PROBLEMS. By Dr. J. F. SYKES.
MODERN METEOROLOGY. By FRANK WALDO, Ph.D.
THE GERM-PLASM. By Professor WEISMANN. 6s.
THE INDUSTRIES OF ANIMALS. By F. HOUSSAY.
MAN AND WOMAN. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. 6s.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

MODERN CAPITALISM. By JOHN A. HOBSON, M.A. 6s.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE. By F. PODMORE, M.A.

COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By Prof. C. L. MORGAN, F.R.S. 6s.

THE ORIGINS OF INVENTION. By O. T. MASON.

THE GROWTH OF THE BRAIN. By H. H. DONALDSON.

EVOLUTION IN ART. By Prof. A. C. HADDON, F.R.S.

HALLUCINATIONS AND ILLUSIONS. By E. PARISH. 6s.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE EMOTIONS. By Prof. RIBOT. 6s.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By Dr. E. W. SCRIPTURE. 6s.

SLEEP: ITS PHYSIOLOGY. By MARIE DE MANACÉÏNE.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DIGESTION. By A. LOCKHART GILLESPIE, M.D., F.R.C.P. ED., F.R.S. ED. 6s.

DEGENERACY: ITS CAUSES, SIGNS, AND RESULTS. By Prof. EUGENE S. TALBOT, M.D., Chicago. 6s.

THE HISTORY OF THE EUROPEAN FAUNA. By R. F. SCHARFF, B.Sc., PH.D., F.Z.S. 6s.

THE RACES OF MAN. By J. DENIKER. 6s.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION. By Prof. STARBUCK. 6s.

THE CHILD. By ALEXANDER FRANCIS CHAMBERLAIN, M.A., Ph.D. 6s.

THE MEDITERRANEAN RACE. By Prof. SERGI. 6s.

THE STUDY OF RELIGION. By MORRIS JASTROW, Jun., Ph.D. 6s.

HISTORY OF GEOLOGY AND PALÆONTOLOGY. By Prof. KARL ALFRED VON ZITTEL, Munich. 6s.

THE MAKING OF CITIZENS: A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE EDUCATION. By R. E. HUGHES, M.A. 6s.

MORALS: A TREATISE ON THE PSYCHO-SOCIOLOGICAL BASES OF ETHICS. By Prof. G. L. DUPRAT. 6s.

EARTHQUAKES, A STUDY OF RECENT. By Prof. CHARLES DAVISON, D.Sc., F.G.S. 6s.

MODERN ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By Dr. CHARLES A. KEANE, D.Sc., PH.D., F.I.C. 6s.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

SPECIAL EDITION OF THE

CANTERBURY POETS.

Square 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top Elegant, Price 2s.

Each Volume with a Frontispiece in Photogravure.

CHRISTIAN YEAR. With Portrait of John Keble.
LONGFELLOW. With Portrait of Longfellow.
SHELLEY. With Portrait of Shelley.
WORDSWORTH. With Portrait of Wordsworth.
WHITTIER. With Portrait of Whittier.
BURNS. Songs } With Portrait of Burns, and View of "The
BURNS. Poems } Auld Brig o' Doon."
KEATS. With Portrait of Keats.
EMERSON. With Portrait of Emerson.
SONNETS OF THIS CENTURY. Portrait of P. B. Marston.
WHITMAN. With Portrait of Whitman.
LOVE LETTERS OF A VIOLINIST. Portrait of Eric Mackay.
SCOTT. Lady of the Lake, etc. } With Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and View of "The Silver Strand, Loch Katrine."
SCOTT. Marmion, etc. }
CHILDREN OF THE POETS. With an Engraving of "The Orphans," by Gainsborough.
SONNETS OF EUROPE. With Portrait of J. A. Symonds.
SYDNEY DOBELL. With Portrait of Sydney Dobell.
HERRICK. With Portrait of Herrick.
BALLADS AND RONDEAUS. Portrait of W. E. Henley.
IRISH MINSTRELSY. With Portrait of Thomas Davis.
PARADISE LOST. With Portrait of Milton.
FAIRY MUSIC. Engraving from Drawing by C. E. Brock.
GOLDEN TREASURY. With Engraving of Virgin Mother.
AMERICAN SONNETS. With Portrait of J. R. Lowell.
IMITATION OF CHRIST. With Engraving, "Ecce Homo."
PAINTER POETS. With Portrait of Walter Crane.
WOMEN POETS. With Portrait of Mrs. Browning.
POEMS OF HON. RODEN NOEL. Portrait of Hon. R. Noel.
AMERICAN HUMOROUS VERSE. Portrait of Mark Twain.
SONGS OF FREEDOM. With Portrait of William Morris.
SCOTTISH MINOR POETS. With Portrait of R. Tannahill.
CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH VERSE. With Portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson.
PARADISE REGAINED. With Portrait of Milton.
CAVALIER POETS. With Portrait of Suckling.
HUMOROUS POEMS. With Portrait of Hood.
HERBERT. With Portrait of Herbert.
POE. With Portrait of Poe.
OWEN MEREDITH. With Portrait of late Lord Lytton.
LOVE LYRICS. With Portrait of Raleigh.
GERMAN BALLADS. With Portrait of Schiller.
CAMPBELL. With Portrait of Campbell.
CANADIAN POEMS. With View of Mount Stephen.
EARLY ENGLISH POETRY. With Portrait of Earl of Surrey.
ALLAN RAMSAY. With Portrait of Ramsay.
SPENSER. With Portrait of Spenser.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

CHATTERTON. With Engraving, "The Death of Chatterton."
COWPER. With Portrait of Cowper.
CHAUCER. With Portrait of Chaucer.
COLERIDGE. With Portrait of Coleridge.
POPE. With Portrait of Pope.
BYRON. Miscellaneous } With Portraits of Byron.
BYRON. Don Juan }
JACOBITE SONGS. With Portrait of Prince Charlie.
BORDER BALLADS. With View of Neidpath Castle.
AUSTRALIAN BALLADS. With Portrait of A. L. Gordon.
HOGG. With Portrait of Hogg.
GOLDSMITH. With Portrait of Goldsmith.
MOORE. With Portrait of Moore.
DORA GREENWELL. With Portrait of Dora Greenwell.
BLAKE. With Portrait of Blake.
POEMS OF NATURE. With Portrait of Andrew Lang.
PRAED. With Portrait.
SOUTHEY. With Portrait.
HUGO. With Portrait.
GOETHE. With Portrait.
BERANGER. With Portrait.
HEINE. With Portrait.
SEA MUSIC. With View of Corbière Rocks, Jersey.
SONG-TIDE. With Portrait of Philip Bourke Marston.
LADY OF LYONS. With Portrait of Bulwer Lytton.
SHAKESPEARE: Songs and Sonnets. With Portrait.
BEN JONSON. With Portrait.
HORACE. With Portrait.
CRABBE. With Portrait.
CRADLE SONGS. With Engraving from Drawing by T. E. Macklin.
BALLADS OF SPORT. Do. do.
MATTHEW ARNOLD. With Portrait.
AUSTIN'S DAYS OF THE YEAR. With Portrait.
CLOUGH'S BOTHIE, and other Poems. With View.
BROWNING'S Pippa Passes, etc. } With Portrait.
BROWNING'S Blot in the 'Scutcheon, etc. }
BROWNING'S Dramatic Lyrics. }
MACKAY'S LOVER'S MISSAL. With Portrait.
KIRKE WHITE'S POEMS. With Portrait.
LYRA NICOTIANA. With Portrait.
AURORA LEIGH. With Portrait of E. B. Browning.
NAVAL SONGS. With Portrait of Lord Nelson.
TENNYSON: In Memoriam, Maud, etc. With Portrait.
TENNYSON: English Idyls, The Princess, etc. With View of Farringford House.
WAR SONGS. With Portrait of Lord Roberts.
JAMES THOMSON. With Portrait.
ALEXANDER SMITH. With Portrait.
PAUL VERLAINE. With Portrait.
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. With Portrait

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

The Music Story Series.

A SERIES OF LITERARY-MUSICAL MONOGRAPHS.

Edited by FREDERICK J. CROWEST,

Author of "The Great Tone Poets," etc., etc.

Illustrated with Photogravure and Collotype Portraits, Half-tone and Line Pictures, Facsimiles, etc.

Square Crown 8vo, Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

VOLUMES NOW READY.

THE STORY OF ORATORIO. By ANNIE W. PATTERSON, B.A., Mus. Doc.

THE STORY OF NOTATION. By C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS, M.A., Mus. Bac.

THE STORY OF THE ORGAN. By C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS, M.A., Author of "Bach" and "Handel" ("Master Musicians' Series").

THE STORY OF CHAMBER MUSIC. By N. KILBURN, Mus. Bac. (Cantab.).

THE STORY OF THE VIOLIN. By PAUL STOEVING, Professor of the Violin, Guildhall School of Music, London.

THE STORY OF THE HARP. By WILLIAM H. GRATTAN FLOOD, Author of "History of Irish Music."

THE STORY OF ORGAN MUSIC. By C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS, M.A., Mus. Bac.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH MUSIC (1604-1904): being the Worshipful Company of Musicians' Lectures.

THE STORY OF MINSTRELSY. By EDMONDSTOUNE DUNCAN.

THE STORY OF MUSICAL FORM. By CLARENCE LUCAS.

IN PREPARATION.

THE STORY OF THE PIANOFORTE. By ALGERNON S. ROSE, Author of "Talks with Bandsmen."

THE STORY OF MUSICAL SOUND. By CHURCHILL SIBLEY, Mus. Doc.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.